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THE
UNION MAGAZINE,
OF
LITERATURE AND ART.

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—This is, most assuredly, the most *tasty* of all American monthlies, with superb engravings, and a corps of writers that are unsurpassed, among whom Herbert, Bryant, Miss H. F. Gould, Eliza Cook and the Editor shine conspicuously in the present number.—*Boston Weekly Bee, Boston, Mass.*

UNION MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.—This queen of the light monthlies is again before us, and most gladly do we welcome it to our table. The present number is a truly excellent one—every way equaling, if not excelling its predecessors. Seven beautiful engravings adorn it, and the letter-press is executed with surprising tastefulness. The principal embellishments are “The Doctor,” a mezzotint, “The Justice’s Court,” a laughter-provoking engraving on steel, and a prettily colored plate of fashions. Mr. Herbert, Grace Greenwood, Miss Sedgwick, Miss H. F. Gould, and the editor, are among the principal contributors. To those who wish for a really excellent three dollar periodical, of a high literary character, as well as an unexceptionable moral tone, and every way distinguishable from the namby-pamby, milk-and-water milliner Magazines of the day, we would commend Mrs. Kirkland’s periodical in warm terms.—*The Yankee Blade, Boston, Mass.*

Post’s UNION MAGAZINE, No. 3, comes to us wearing the look of a darling baby with clean face and bran span new clothes on. We are glad to learn that the public appreciation of this Monthly is already evidenced by a sale as constant as a flowing stream. One of the back numbers has reached its second edition—no mean plume for Mrs. Kirkland, the editress, and the executive taste and skill of the publisher.—*Rough and Ready, Boston, Mass.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER, has been received. It is embellished with two splendid steel engravings. Besides these leading ones, there are four smaller ones, and a beautiful, colored Fashion plate for September. The contents are entirely original, varied, interesting and instructive. The articles are from the pens of the best literary writers of the age, and the Magazine, though but just started, has no superiors if any equals, either in beauty of appearance, style of execution, or literary qualities, in this country.—*Brockport Watchman, Brockport, N. Y.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—The September number of this new Magazine has been received, and we must say, that the beauty of the plates, and the neatness of its typographical execution, excels the former numbers. It is filled with interesting matter from the pens of Henry W. Herbert, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Hunter, the editor, and other talented writers, forming a Miscellany that should ornament the centre-table of every lady.—*Hampshire and Franklin Express, Amherst, Massachusetts.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART, is a new monthly candidate for popular favor, with a strong prospect of success, presenting a brilliant array of contributors, and the work to be edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, whose sketches have made her name familiar to all lovers of the entertaining.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE—Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—The September number, being the third, was out in due season, and it is our fault it was not noticed before. It is an admirable monthly—decidedly one of the best. It is patronized by the best writers in our country. The engravings are superb, and the subjects well chosen. Its typography cannot be excelled. If it maintains its present excellence it must become the most popular Magazine of any in the course of publication. We hope it has, what it so richly deserves, an extensive circulation.—*Christian Messenger, N. Y.*

UNION MAGAZINE—Smith & Co., No. 4, Union Building, Agents.—We have received the September number of this pioneer and beautiful magazine. Its matter and manner, both in engravings, typography and literature, sustain the excellent character of the first two numbers of the work, and we take pleasure in recommending it to the notice of such of our readers as patronize “monthlies.” The Union Magazine, in our estimation, is foremost of them all. Persons wishing to subscribe or to obtain single numbers, should call on Smith, who is also agent for all the other popular magazines of the day.—*The Saturday Messenger, Manchester, N. H.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART—Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—We are indebted to the publisher for a copy of the September number of this Magazine. When it was announced that Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, the well known author of “A New Home,” and other delightful western sketches, was to commence a monthly in the city of New York, we expressed the belief that it would be abundantly popular. We are gratified, but not surprised to learn that the publisher’s press has hardly been able to supply the demand for the first two numbers. The one before us is the third.

Mrs. Kirkland has naturally attracted to the service of her magazine a list of talented and popular contributors, among whom are Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, Grace Greenwood, H. W. Herbert, John H. Bryant, etc. We must be permitted, however, to think that next to the genius of Miss Sedgwick, the editor’s own pen is the chief ornament of the work.

To the September number Miss Sedgwick has contributed “An Excursion to Manchester;” Miss Gould, “The Night Blooming Cereus,” a poem, and the editor, “Western Sketches,” and an article on Goethe.

D. M. Dewey is agent for the Union Magazine, which is afforded to subscribers at \$3 a year.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser, Rochester, N. York.*
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THE UNION MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1847.

LITERATURE OF QUAKERISM.

BY W. A. JONES.

THE Society of Friends has been so useful a body of reformers and citizens—practical philanthropists and worthy neighbors, after the fashion of the good Samaritan, despite all the satiric sneers, from Hudibras downwards, that their literary character has not been much regarded. Indeed, up to quite a late period, Literature and Quakerism were considered by the public as quite incompatible, and, we doubt not, within the penetralia of the sect, the sister arts are still considered vain, worldly, and almost heathenish. We will not recount the great benefit society has received from the zealous labors of some of these true friends of humanity. It were sufficient merely to mention the names of a few; of Clarkson and Mr. Fox, and Jonas Hanway. The abolition of the Slave Trade; the apostolic love and charity manifested in the reform of prison discipline; the abolition of capital punishment—these three glorious reforms are sufficient to cast a halo around any sect or society out of which the advocates for them have come; advocates indeed, practically acting upon their doctrines; men not afraid to promulgate truth, and to execute their own convictions in living up to them.

Peace—the atmosphere of heaven—the gift of that Holy Spirit, one of whose noblest attributes it is—is the mission (so to speak,) of the sect of Quakers; one which they have unfalteringly upheld, and never once swerved from. These are some of the noble features of this sect—the most

zealous, yet temperate—the most reasonable, and yet sincerely Christian (as it appears to us) of any of the numerous sects that have sprung from the church of England, their common mother.

It is unnecessary, and apart from our present subject, to enter into any disquisition of the philosophy of the Quaker doctrine—its spirituality and metaphysical character—the serious and the ridiculous sides of the subject. All this, and more has been done by Bancroft, in his admirable chapter on the Quakers, in the settlement of Pennsylvania; for which reason we shall restrict ourselves to the topics which naturally fall within the province of the present paper.

The Quakers are indebted to Charles Lamb for his exquisite sketches of them, which must be familiar to the readers of *Elia*. Lamb's correspondence, too, with Bernard Barton, is equally an honorable bequest to the society, and shows him the kindly friend he was, no less than the delightful humorist.

Hazlitt (in one of his essays, in the *Round Table*), says, "A Quaker poet would be an anomaly." He must have forgotten the *Spleen*, whose author, Green, was a Quaker, though he discarded his early faith. The critic, too, probably knew nothing of Bernard Barton, and had lost sight of Milton's Quaker friend, Ellwood, who, though he has left (we believe,) no verses, was yet "the proximate cause" of Milton's writing *Paradise Regained*. The anecdote is told in all the *Lives of Mil-*

ton, and as we are not endeavoring to swell out this sketch, by superfluous quotation, (a common method of making long magazine papers,) we shall merely refer to it. The Howitts had not then commenced their literary partnership, and Whittier had not probably penned a line of verse. The philosophy of Hazlitt's remarks is doubtless correct; yet there have been exceptions to their general application.

The first of these, we believe to have been Green, of whom Hunt has given a pleasant sketch, in his *Wit and Humor*. The *Spleen* of this author is a perfect *jeu d'esprit*, and the sole effort, after Butler's manner, worthy of comparison with *Hudibras*, in regard to fertility of ideas, wit, facility of rhymes, and sterling sense. The author was troubled with lowness of spirits, and wrote his poem for the same reason that Burton compiled his *Anatomy*. Like Lamb, he was a clerk in one of the public offices in London, a pleasant companion and a worthy man. This poem is in Aikins' *Selections*, and, if we are not mistaken, in the *Elegant Extracts*. Hazlitt has strangely omitted it. Hunt has selected out a small portion of the rare beauties of this admirable poem. Almost every couplet is as good as the following lines we write from memory, not having the book by us:

And, in whose gay, *red letter'd* face,
We read good living more than grace.

Here are a few of his innumerable felicities of language:

"—A coquet *April-weather* face."
"—News, the *manna* of a day."
"—*Tarantulated* by a tune."
"—Adjust, and *set the soul to rights*."

His remarks on the various remedies for the spleen; the mode of passing a rainy day agreeably; and his persuasions to cheerfulness and good humor, are as delightful as they are full of true wisdom.

Melmoth, the translator and author of Fitzosborne's letters, used to say, he could not easily find anywhere so many ideas in the same number of lines as in the *Spleen*.

Dr. Aikin has edited a delightful edition of Green's poems, illustrated by Stothard, a gem for the reader and hypochondriac.

How happens it this capital poem is so little known? A lively writer, but by no means a master of his native literature, on Green's poem being highly praised, sneeringly exclaimed; "Oh, yes! he is quoted by Rush!" as if the sensible Philadelphia physician gave fame to a sterling English wit.

Barton is a pleasing, religious versifier, with little or no force or character as a poet. Lamb's

correspondence with him will probably preserve his name long after his verses are forgotten!

The poems of the Howitts fall under the same category as those of Barton, with more of vanity and perhaps more of poetic spirit. It is not probable that they will be long read.

But Whittier's is a name that will last, if only for a single poem he has written on a print of Raphael, which is now hanging or did hang, last summer, in a quiet parlor in Newburyport. The verses are in the *Estray*. If the very finest of our Quaker poet's poetic efforts were selected from the mass of his writings, he would rank much higher than he does at present. This poem, and the fine ballad of the *New Wife* and the *Old, Hampton Beach, Randolph of Roanoke*, etc., would, with some score of spirited lyrics, fill a volume of American poetry to last. Like the leaders of his sect, (we do not know if Mr. Whittier still remains within its pale,) our poet has taken a warm interest in the great moral questions of the day, especially abolition of slavery, and of capital punishment. He is, (judging from his writings,) an earnest, strong-souled man, and a genuine patriot; the poet of reform rather than of romance.

Yet much of his verse we think cannot live. His early imitations of Scott in narrative, and his latest songs of labor, which appear mechanical and cold, compared with Barry Cornwall's *Weaver's Song*, (the palpable model of Whittier's attempts,) or the songs of Burns. Gallagher's *Laborer*, in this department of poetry for the people, (where Elliott is the foremost bard of the present day,) strikes us as superior to anything of Whittier's in the same way.

The list of Quaker writers is short. Besides those we have mentioned, whose writings made a part of the current popular literature, we may add John Neal, a Quaker born and bred, though, doubtless, long since read out of meeting; Hannah Adams, the worthy spinster; and Mrs. Opie, if we are not mistaken, excellent in her tales for the young.

We do not comprehend under our caption much the largest proportion of Quaker writings, by members of the Society of Friends—the piles of controversy and sectarian history. The early writers and founders of Quakerism, Fox and his ablest disciple Penn, and Barclay the Apologist, were voluminous pamphleteers and ready disputants. The historian, Sewall, (a classic among the Friends, as Neal among the Puritans,) is preferred by Lamb to Southey in his *Life of Wesley*, an epitome of the History of Methodism. The author of *Elia* speaks highly of the life of Woolman. But Bancroft is abundantly sufficient for the general reader, in whose single chapter is condensed the marrow of a shelf full of Quaker his-

tories, by men who have not yet learned the art of historical narrative and philosophical criticism.

In the elder literature, the Quakers meet with but scurvy treatment. The scholar will recollect Tom Brown's famous sermon, and the pungent epigrams of Butler. Dr. South, in his admirable sermon on the Christian Pentecost, has expended some of the finest prose satire in the language on the Puritans, which might apply with equal force to the Quakers, particularly of that day.

The character of the Quaker has often been caricatured on the stage, where he is generally made out a quack or a hypocrite, or both. As the Quakers neither see nor write plays, this is hardly fair. Among the classic comedies, the *Bold Stroke for a Wife* contains the liveliest and best

drawn character, Simon Pure. The songs and music of Dibdin, with the rich tenor and fine acting of Incledon, has given the opera of the Quaker, in which he performed the part of Steady, a permanent reputation.

Seriously, however, Americans should cherish the Quaker. He has founded one of our finest states, and given it a peculiar character. His spirit is seen and kept alive in our wisest reforms, and his own character is such, that if it may not always be refined into that of the polite gentleman or agreeable companion, it is, nevertheless, made of the same material, and shares, as well and as constantly, in the characters of a true patriot, a zealous friend, an honest philanthropist, and a virtuous citizen.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY J. HAGEN.

THE beautiful, the beautiful,
It dwelleth ev'rywhere!
There 's none of all life's varying scenes,
Where beauty hath no share.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
All nature's works pervades,
Not more amid her smiling bowers,
Than in her solemn shades.

Nor in the outward world of sense,
Doth it most love to dwell,
But in the living world of thought,
It flourisheth as well.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
It is of God alone!
And where his love extendeth not,
There only is there none.

The ills of life may gather round,
And wear their direst form,
But when the tempest loudest howls,
There 's beauty in the storm!

O! it is beautiful to mark
The soul of daring high,
With trust in God, and love for man,
The ills of life defy.

And in affliction's darkest hour,
'T is beautiful to see
How closely heart to heart is bound,
By love and sympathy.

When fiends in human form, inspired
By rancor, and by hate,
Go prowling through this lovely world,
To make it desolate—

'T is beautiful, 't is beautiful,
How from the deepest wo,
God, in his providence, doth make
The rarest blessings flow.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
It dwelleth ev'rywhere!
There 's none of all life's varying scenes,
Where beauty hath no share.

Yet life, alas! containeth much
The beautiful to mar;
If man were only true to man,
Earth would be lovelier far.

And thou, who mayest chance to read
This artless lay of mine,
Let not to add unto the weight
Of human ills be thine.

Attempt not with thy puny arm,
God's harmony to break,
But labor, in thy sphere, the world
More beautiful to make.

For, O! there 's nought more beautiful
The creature may possess,
Than that which urges him to add
To human happiness.

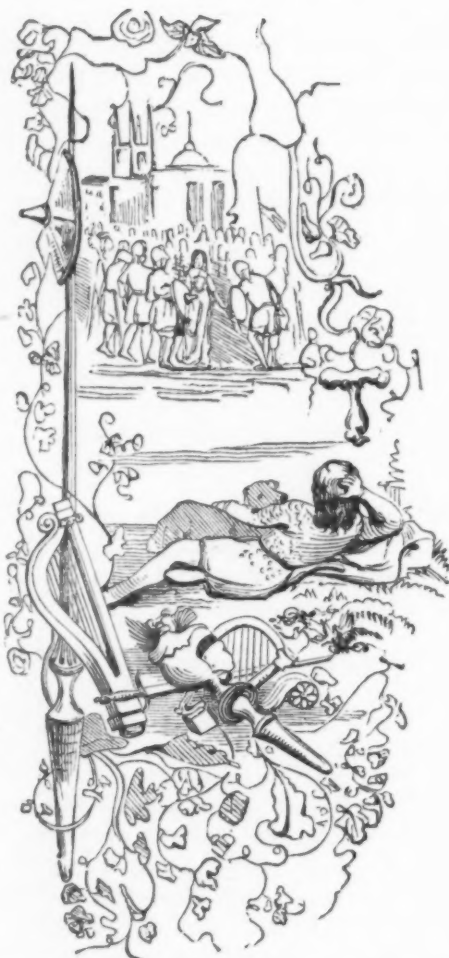
THE PILGRIM OF LOVE;

OR, THE BIOGRAPHY OF A TROUBADOUR.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

“Sails, oars, that might not save,
The death he sought to Geoffrey Rudel gave.”

PETRARCH.



THE history of the Provençal troubadours is full of grateful and instructive material—curious as history, instructive as developing a highly-artificial state of society, and full of interest as literary biography. To the young poet, the study is one which will teach many useful lessons of his art. To the passionate dreamer of romance, it will yield delicious provocations to reverie, in which all his ideals will be satisfied. These biographies should be written out by poets; not in verse, for that might suggest doubts of their veracity, but in a prose at once sparkling and sentimental; uniting the oriental fancy of Willis, with the sighing

pathos of a Norton or a Landon. We commend it to study and examination, and will content ourselves, in the meantime, with a brief sketch of one of the most remarkable troubadours of his age and order.

Geoffrey Rudel was a prince of Blaye, as well as a troubadour. In those days nobility was not inconsistent with letters. Our poet was one of those who could wield the sword as well as the lyre. He was a knight of high reputation, and a gentleman; and as such wore the honors of chivalry with all the grace of one “to the manner born.” But with all these possessions there was one deficiency, which was considered fatal to the perfection of his character. His grace and courtesy were acknowledged in court and chamber. He could make his enemy tremble in the field. As a poet he had fire and sentiment, and was peculiarly sensible to the glories of the visible world. He was the favorite of princes, and was ranked among the friends of no less a personage than Richard Cœur de Lion. But he had never once been troubled with the tender passion. He had never been beguiled to love by beauty. He acknowledged the charms of woman, but he remained unenslaved. He could sing of the attractions which he did not feel. He had his muse, perhaps his ideal perfection, and to her he sung. He portrayed her charms, but he neither found nor seemed to seek them. Tradition vaguely hints at efforts which he made, to discern a likeness in the living world to the exquisite creation embodied in his mind. But he seemed to search for her in vain. His wanderings, seeking for this perfect creature, were wholly without profit. It does not seem that he exulted in his insensibility. An object of universal admiration himself, he himself constantly strove to admire. He did admire, but he did not love. The object of pursuit eluded his grasp. In those days, it was deemed no impropriety on the part of the fairer sex, to seek openly the conquest of the brave knight and the noble poet. Beauty sought Geoffrey Rudel in his solitude. She brought him rarest tribute. She

spoke to him in songs sweet as his own, and with oriental flowers more precious than any which his care had cultured. She did not conceal the passion which his accomplishments had inspired; but she declared her secret in vain. His heart seemed invulnerable to every shaft. His soul remained inaccessible to all the sweet solicitings of love.

It must not be thought that he found pride in this insensibility. He felt it as a misfortune. For the troubadour not to love, was to deprive his verses of that very charm which alone could secure them immortality. For the knight to be untouched by the charms of woman, was to wither the greenest chaplet which valor had ever fixed upon his brow. He declared his griefs at the insusceptibility of his heart. His prayer embodied a petition that he might be made to love. But he prayed for heavenly succor, and he looked for earthly loveliness, in vain. His mind was greatly saddened by his condition. His isolation impaired his energies. He ceased to sing, to seek the tourney and the court, and delivered himself up to a musing and meditative life, which was only not utter vacancy. At a season of general bustle among the nations, he sank into apathy. He had served in armies with Richard, but the entreaties of that impetuous and powerful monarch no longer succeeded in beguiling him from his solitude. The world was again arrayed in armor—the whole wide world of Christendom—moving under the impulses of religious fanaticism, at the wild instance of St. Bernard. Preparations were in progress for the second crusade, but the stir of the multitude aroused no answering chord in his affections. He put on no armor; his shield hung upon his walls; his spear rusted beneath it, and no trumpet was sounded at his gates. Like one overcome with sloth, Geoffrey Rudel lay couched within the quiet retreats of his castle near Bourdeaux, and gave no heed to the cries and clamors of the world without. But his soul had not lapsed away in luxuries. He was immersed in no pleasures more exciting than those of song. His soul was full of sadness rather than delight. His lyre sent forth the tenderest pleading, and the most touching lamentation. His heart was filled with sorrow, as he entreated vainly that it should be filled with love. Very sweet were his ballads; plaintive always, and teeming with fancies, which vainly sought to ally themselves to affections. With a soul given up to contemplations, which, if not loving, were not warlike, he gave no heed to the movements, or even the reproaches of his brethren—knights and troubadours. The preaching of St. Bernard touched not him. We do not know that he ever listened once to that great apostle of the crusades; nor, indeed, can we pretend to assert that his conversion ever formed a

special object with the preacher. But the entreaties of others were urged upon him, and without success. He answered them with a melancholy denial, which declared his regrets more than his indifference. Some of his ditties, written at at this period, have been preserved to us. They are remarkable for their delicacy, their plaintiveness of tone, the nice taste by which his spirit was informed, and the grief of those yearnings, the denial of which was the true cause of his lethargy. The muse to which he now yielded himself was that of a latent affection. The wild spirit of warfare had no voice for his soul. He sung—but why not suffer him to speak for himself, those tender sensibilities which he has put into verse, not wholly unworthy of his renown? Our rude English version may show the character of his sentiment, if not the peculiar art and the ingenuity of his strain. He speaks in this sonnet of his dependency, and of that ideal which he despairs to find in life.

“From nature comes the lesson of true love,—
She teaches me, through flowers and fruits, to grace
My form in gay apparel, and to prove
For how much heart my own can furnish place.
The nightingale his tender mate caresses,
Caressed in turn by mutual look and strain;
Ah! happy birds whom genial love thus blesses,
Ye teach me what to seek, yet teach in vain.
I languish still in silence—your delight,—
The shepherd with his pipe,—the eager child,
That makes his labor speak in pleasures wild—
All that I hear, and all that lives in sight,—
Still mock me with denial. In my woes
The whole world triumphs. Still the image glows,
More and more brightly on my yearning eye—
A thousand passionate hopes deny repose,
And warm me still with promises that fly!
Oh! my soul's image, when shall these be o'er,
When shall I see thee near, and seek thee never more.

This is a sweet murmur, not overstrained, and happily expressed. It should have silenced the reproaches which were at length showered upon his head. It shows him to have possessed a soul at once tender and passionate, if not susceptible; and such now was the usual burden of his song. But it failed to convince his neighbors. Beauty, disappointed in all her endeavors, proclaimed him an insensible. We little know at this day, how keen and terrible was such a reproach, at a period when love was the very soul of chivalry. Knighthood regarded him as a recreant to its order, which insisted upon a mistress as the first and most powerful incentive to valor. He was called by many cruel epithets—cold, selfish, ungentle; barren of heart, capricious and peevish; loving himself only, like another Narcissus, when a whole world, worthy of a better heart, crowded around him, soliciting his love; and this, too, at the very moment when he was repining with the tenderest yearnings, for some

one object, precious over all, upon whom to expend the whole wealth of his affections. But he was not long to yearn as hopelessly. The fates were about to give an answer to the cruel reproaches under which he had suffered. They were about to show that his passion was intense in proportion to the infrequency of its exercise. His destiny was quite as curious as it is touching: we say this by way of warning. The reader must know that we are writing sober history. We are not now practising with artful romances upon his fancy. The chronicles are before us as we write. We are fettered by the ancient record, in complexion of the most sable black-letter.

It was while Geoffrey Rudel thus lay, sad and sighing, at his castle of Blaye, near Bordeaux, that news came from the Holy Land, which set Christendom once more in commotion. The Crusaders had gone forward in iron legions. They had been successful in every battle, and their triumphs were upon every tongue. Jerusalem, the Holy City, had fallen before their arms, after prodigies of valor had been shown in its defence. But the deeds of knighthood, and the bloody triumphs of the battle-field, were not alone the theme of the troubadour and the traveller. The story which, above all, had served to enliven the imagination, and charm the lyre of Europe, was that of a certain Countess of Tripoli—a lady, whose bravery, under circumstances of particular difficulty and peril, was deemed the subject of greatest wonder and delight. Her beauty had been already sung. It was now ennobled in Provençal minstrelsy, by instances of courage, magnanimity, and greatness of soul, such as had seldom been shown by her sex before. Her elastic spirit, the firmness of her soul, the grace of her carriage, the loveliness of her face and person, were duly recorded in a thousand ditties. The pilgrims from the Holy Land could speak of nothing else. The troubadour caught up the grateful history, and found new inspiration in the recital. Faint echoes of the story reached our disconsolate poet, and fell with a renovating influence upon his spirit. He heard, and hearkened with a greedy interest. The recital touched the dormant chords of his nature. He grew excited as he listened, suddenly flung off his lethargy, and soon his lyre began to emulate and excel all others, in rehearsing the charms of her person and the beauties of her soul. He all at once realized his ideal. The Countess of Tripoli was the creature of all his imaginings. The image in his soul had a living likeness. It had long been the image in his dreams—it was now the object of his waking passion. It filled the measure of his hopes; it heightened the glory of his dreams. He loved—he was no longer without a soul.

II.

THE imagination of our troubadour thus powerfully excited, it was not surprising that he should enjoy a glorious vision of the lady of his thoughts. He lay sleeping, during a slumberous summer evening, in a favorite bower of his garden: his lute, resting beside him, was silent also, but he still clasped between his fingers the illuminated missal, in which the wandering monk, scarcely less infatuated than himself, had sought to enshrine the beauties of the Lady of Tripoli in the character of the Blessed Virgin. In the deep draughts of delirious passion which the picture had helped to enliven, the troubadour might well lapse away from delicious fancies into as delicious dreams. The warm sun of his region helped the influence. The birds of Provence ministered also,—singing overhead those sweet *capriccios*, half play, half sentiment, which seem to have furnished the model for many of the best specimens of Provençal poetry. The flowers gave forth a soft, persuasive fragrance. The leaves, floated to and fro upon the slenderest green vines, under the balmy influence of the southern breeze, ever and anon stooping to his floating hair, and trembling over his somewhat pallid cheek. A favorite greyhound slept at his feet, his long brown nose resting upon the gaily-wrought slippers which enclosed them. Warm fancies, working with the season and the scene, proved to our poet as deliciously narcotizing as those fabled breezes that sweep with delirium the poppy gardens of Yemen. The protracted denial of his previous life was all compensated in the intoxicating fancy of the hour. The creature of his imperfect waking desires, grew to a perfect being in his dreams. He was transported to Paradise, a region which, at that moment, he could find at Tripoli only. And she came forth, the first, to bid him welcome. His reception was not only one of blessing but of ceremonial. The lady of his love was environed by state; but this did not lessen the benignity of her favor. Princes were grouped around her—the severe and stately forms of the Knights of the Temple—the humbler, but not less imposing Brothers of the Hospital—and many others, knights and nobles,—with their banners and their shields. And he himself,—he, Geoffrey Rudel, Prince of Blaye,—was in the midst of the splendid circle—the person to whom all eyes were drawn—upon whom her eye was specially fastened—she, the nearest to his heart and person, the lovely Countess of Tripoli. But a moment was the glorious vision vouchsafed him; but even as it began to fade away—growing momentarily more and more dim, without growing less beautiful,—he caught the whispered words of her parting salutation—"Hither to me, Rudel—hither to me,—and the love that thou seekest, and the peace—shall they not both be thine?"

III.

THIS was a bliss too great for slumber. It was a bliss too precious to lose at waking. Rudel necessarily awakened with the excess of rapture. He started to his feet with a new impulse. The bird sang, but vainly, from his trees. The flowers in vain stretched forth to his hand. He heeded not the endearments of his greyhound, who started up at the same moment with his master, and whined, and lifted his paws to receive the accustomed caresses. He saw these things no longer. The old temptations and pleasures were discarded or forgotten. A new soul seemed to inform his spirit. A new hope was embodied in his heart. He had received in that dream an inspiration. What was tenderness simply in his heart before, was now passion. His dream was a reality. He no longer sighed—he felt. He lived, at last; for, until one loves, he cannot be said to live. The life of humanity is love. The new passion prompted new energies. Geoffrey Rudel was still at Blaye, but he might soon be at Tripoli. He made his preparations for Tripoli accordingly. Once more his good steed was put in exercise. His shield was taken from the wall. His lance was cleansed of its rust, and glittered gaily in the sunbeams, as if rejoicing in its resumed employments. The proud spirit of knighthood was once more rekindled in the bosom of our hero. He was a man once more, with all the tenderness which inspires bravery to seek adventure. It was easy now to feel all the enthusiasm at which it was his wont to smile, and he could now look with regret and mortification at those days of apathy which kept him in repose, when St. Bernard went through the land, preaching his mission of power. He could now understand the virtue of leaving home and family, friends and fortune, to fight for the Holy Sepulchre. The spirit of the crusade suddenly impregnated his soul. Solemnly he took up the cross—literally, in the figure upon his garments—and made his preparations for embarking for the East. Never had a change so sudden been wrought in human bosom. Nor did he conceal the true occasion of the miracle. When did troubadour ever withhold the secret of his passion? It was his pride to reveal. Geoffrey Rudel loved at last. He, too, could be made to yield to the spells of beauty. His lyre was not silent. He unfolded himself in the most exquisite improvisations, which we should but coldly render in our harsh language of the North. He who had been all apathy before, was now all excitement. His limbs trembled with the wild fever in his veins. A deep spot of red grew suddenly apparent on his faded cheeks. A tone of nervous impatience now distinguished the utterance which had hitherto been gentle and forbearing always. His muse spoke more frequently, and with a spasmodic

energy, which had not been her usual characteristic. We preserve another of his sonnets, feebly rendered into our dialect, which he penned just before leaving Provence for the East:

"She I adore, whom, save in nightly dreams,
These eyes have ne'er beheld, yet am I sure,
She is no other than the thing she seems,
A thing for love and worship evermore.
Oh! not your dark-eyed beauties of the East,
Jewish or Saracen,—nor yet the fair,
Your bright-cheek'd maids of Christendom, the best,
For saintly virtues and endowments rare,—
May rank with her whom yet I do not see,
To whom I may not speak, who does not know,
My homage, yet who nightly comes to me,
And bids my hopes revive, my passion glow.
With day she disappears, and then alone,
I know that she is distant:—I will fly,
Pierce the deep space between that foreign sky,
And bare to her the heart so much her own.
The seas will not betray me, when they know
Love is my guide and bids me death defy."

His preparations were not long delayed. His soul was too eager in its new passion to permit of any unnecessary waste of time. His flame had become a phrensy—the leading idea of his mind, which reason had ceased to resist, and which friends no longer ventured to combat. His preparations completed, and the bark ready, his pen records one of the usual vows of knight-errantry. In the following sonnet, he professes that humility which was commonly set forth quite too ostentatiously to be sincere always; but which, in his case, the sequel of our story will show to have been deeply seated in his soul. We shall not find it necessary to call the attention particularly to the delicacy of the sentiments contained in these selections—a delicacy, we may add, which speaks more certainly for the particular instance before us, than it ordinarily did, at that period, for the general character of chivalry:

"Tis sworn that I depart,—and clad in wool
With pilgrim staff before her eyes I go,—
Glad, if with pity for my love and wo,
She suffers me within her palace rule.
But this were too much joy. Enough to be,
Near the blest city which she keeps, though there,
The triumph of the Saracen I see,
And fall a captive to his bow and spear.
Heaven grant me the sweet blessing in the prayer!—
Transport me thither—let me, in her sight,
The rapture, born of her sweet presence, share,
And live so long within their happy light,
The love that fills my soul, to pour into her ear."

The sentiment that touched the soul of Geoffrey Rudel, was certainly no common one. It may have been a fanaticism, but it was such a fanaticism as could only happen to a poet. In inferior degree, however, the phrensy was not an unusual one. It belonged to the age and to his profession, if the performances of the troubadour, at any time, could properly deserve this title! Common to his

order, it was heightened as well as refined by the peculiar temper of his individual mind, and by that contemplation, inner or spiritual life which he had lived so long. Though spoken aloud, and fondly and frequently reiterated, it was no momentary ebullition. The passion had fastened upon his mind and his affections equally, and was fixed there by the grateful image that informed his dreams. These, repeated nightly, according to the tradition, gave him no time to cool. Their visitation was periodical. Their exhortation was pressing. They preyed upon his strength, and his physical powers declined in due degree with the wondrous increase of his mental energies. He set sail for Palestine with all the fervor of his enthusiasm upon him, as warm and urgent as when it had seized upon him first. The voyage was protracted, and the disease of our pilgrim underwent increase from its annoyances. But if his frame suffered, the energies of his soul were unimpaired. His muse was never in better wing or vigor. Still he sung, and with all the new-born exultation of a lover. The one hope of his heart, the one dream of his fancy, gave vitality to every utterance. The image of the beautiful and noble Countess of Tripoli was reflected from and through all his sonnets, as through a mirror of magic. Of their usual burden, a single specimen will suffice:

"When my foot presses on those sacred shores,—
To me thrice sacred, as they bear the sign,
That, lifted high, all Christendom adores,—
And the proud beauty I have loved as mine—
My song shall speak my passion—she shall hear
How much I love,—how powerful is the sway,
Her charms maintain o'er heart so far away,
That, until now, no other chains could wear.
Ah, sure, she will not let me sing in vain—
Such deep devotion, such abiding trust,
Love so entirely fashioned by her, must,
Touch her sweet spirit with a pleasing pain!
Should she prove ruthless—no, it cannot be
My god-sire gave such evil fate to me."

The last allusion in this poem may not be so readily understood in our times. It is still a subject of some discussion. It is thought by some to have reference to the old tradition of gifts bestowed by fairies upon persons in their infancy. Our own notion is, that it is taken from one of the institutions of chivalry. A knight was said to be *born* only when he had received the honors of knighthood. At this ceremony he had a god-father or sponsor. This person was usually chosen by the novice in consideration of his high renown, his bravery and good fortune. A certain portion of these good qualities were naturally supposed capable of transmission. The sponsor answered for the good qualities of the youthful squire, and bestowed on him his blessing with his counsel. The allusion in the verses quoted is not obscure, if we remember the relationship between the parties.

IV.

BUT we must not linger. The excitement of our troubadour increased with the voyage. It was hardly restrainable within the bounds of sanity as the ship approached her port of destination. Rudel was beloved by all on board. His grace, talent, gallantry and enthusiasm had touched all hearts. The curious history of his passion had lifted him in their admiration and wonder. They saw, with many misgivings, that it was growing momentarily at the peril of his life and reason. But it was vain to expostulate with one so completely lifted by his fervor beyond the reach of ordinary argument. He ate but little, and had no appetite. His ailments, derived wholly from the strange flame by which he was possessed, were yet stimulating influences which gave him strength in the absence of mortal nutriment. Very thin, indeed, were the cheeks which yet brightened with the liveliest intelligence. The skin of his face had become so delicately white and transparent, that the blue veins stood out prominent upon his forehead, and you might trace everywhere the progress of the fiery blood through his face and hands. His eye wore a wild, unnatural intensity that seemed to dart through the beholder. And yet, it was apparent, even then, that the glance which seemed to penetrate your soul, was full of intelligence to which you were not a party. The soul of that glance was elsewhere, far in advance of the slowly-sailing ship, in search of the mistress of its desires.

Fearful was the fever that preyed upon his enfeebled frame. Yet, while momentarily sinking in the sight of all, his heart was full of hope and courage. There was a cheering and surprising elasticity in his tone,—an exulting consciousness of assured success—in voice and aspect, which made him superior to all human anxieties. While no one even supposed he could ever reach the shore alive, he himself had no doubts that he would certainly do so. His confidence in this destiny raised strange supernatural convictions in his brother knights, the companions of his voyage. Their interest in his fate increased as they beheld and listened. He spoke to them freely, and poured forth, at frequent moments, the sentiments which were inspired by his passion. The exquisite sonnets which were thus delivered, seemed to them the utterance of a being already released from human bonds; they were so tender, so hopeful, and withal so pure. The extravagance of his flame was forgotten in its purity. The wildness of his delirium was sweet, because of its grace and delicacy. They spread their fruits before him, and poured forth their beakers of Greek wine, to persuade him to partake of more nourishing food than any which his passion could provide; and he smiled as he tasted of their fruits, and lifting the goblet to his lips, he chanted:

"Ay, bring me wine of Cyprus,
The sweetest of the grove,
And we will drink while passing,
A brimful draught of love,—
The laughing wine of Cyprus,
A brimful draught for me;
And I will yield while passing,
The goblet to the sea!
Yes! Bring me wine of Cyprus!"

And, without quaffing, he flung the beaker into the deep. He needed not the stimulant of wine. As he had no longer a relish for earthly nourishment, so it had no power upon his blood or spirit.

They were cheered at length with the sight of the shores of Palestine,—the Promised Land, indeed, to him. But such an enthusiasm as that which had possessed his soul could not have been entertained by any mortal, except at vital hazard. His joy became convulsion. Lifted from the vessel and placed with his feet upon the earth, he sank down in a swoon, to all appearance dead. But the faith which he had in the promise of his dream, was sufficient to reanimate his strength. Borne on a litter to the nearest dwelling, the wonderful story of his passion, and of his voyage in pursuit of its object, was soon borne through Tripoli. It reached, among others, the ears of the noble lady who had been so innocently the cause of his misfortunes. Then it was that he realized the vision that blessed him while he slept at Blaye. The princess of Tripoli was sensible to all his sorrow. She was touched by the devotion of the troubadour, and, even as he lay in a state of swoon that looked the image of death itself, his ears caught once more the endearing summons, and the accents of that melodious voice, which had aroused him from his despondency and dreams. Once more it whispered to his exulting soul the happy invitation: "Hither to me, Rudel, hither to me; and the love that thou seekest—and the peace, shall they not both be thine?"

v.

THESE dear words aroused him from his swoon. He opened his eyes upon the light, but it was only to close them for ever. But they had gained all that was precious in that one opening. The single glance around him, by the dying troubadour, showed him all that he had sought. Her holy and sweet face was the first that he beheld. Her eyes smiled encouragement and love. It was her precious embrace that succored his sinking frame. These tender offices, let it not be forgotten, were not, in those days, inconsistent with the purest virtue. The young maiden was frequently nurse and physician to the stranger knight. She brought him nourishment and medicine, dressed his wounds, and scrupled at no act, however delicate, which was supposed necessary to his recovery. Our countess had been taught to perform these offices not merely as acts of duty but as acts of devotion.

It is probable that a deeper interest in the sufferer before her, gave a warmer solicitude to her ministrations. She had heard the whole story of our troubadour, and of the influence which she had possessed in rousing him from his apathy into life, even though that awakening had been, finally, fatal to life itself. Of his graces and virtues she knew before, and many were the admirers who had already taught her how sweet and passionate, and how purely due to herself, were the songs and sonnets of Rudel. It was even whispered that their offices were by no means necessary to her knowledge. There were those who insisted that there had been some strange spiritual commerce between the parties, though so many leagues asunder. The story ran that Geoffrey Rudel had been as much the object of her dreaming fancies as she had been of his. They said that while he beheld her in the inspiring vision of the noonday in his garden at Blaye, she, herself, in a state of prolonged trance at Tripoli, was conscious of his presence, and of her own interest in his fate, elsewhere. It is certain that she betrayed no surprise when she heard his story from mortal lips. She betrayed no surprise at his coming, and she was among the first to attend the bedside of the dying man. He felt her presence, as one, even in sleep, feels the sudden sunshine. He breathed freely at her approach, as if the flitting soul were entreated back for a moment, by her charms, to its prison-house of mortality. She embraced him as he lapsed away, while her eyes, dropping the biggest tears, were lifted up to heaven, in resignation, but with grief. He, in that mysterious moment, gazed only upon her. His fading glance was filled with exultation. His hope was realized. He expired, thrice happy, since he expired in her arms. The prophetic vision had deceived him in no single particular. She was one of the first to receive and welcome him. His reception had been one of state and sympathizing ceremonial. He beheld, even as he died, the very groups which his dream had shown him. There were the severe and stately aspects of the Knights of the Temple—there again were the humbler Brothers of the Hospital. Princes and barons drew nigh in armor and resting upon their shields, as at a solemn service; and he was in the midst, the figure to whom all eyes were addressed, and she, the nearest to his heart, was also the nearest to his person. The love and the peace which she had promised him completed the full consciousness of his exulting spirit.

All these things had really come to pass. But the stately ceremonial, which his flattering fancies had persuaded him was his bridal, was in truth his funeral. Dying, thus surrounded, he felt that it was a bridal also. In the brief communion which his eyes enjoyed with those of her he loved, he felt

that their souls were united. She said to him, as plainly as eyes could speak—"the love and the peace thou seekest, shall they not be thine!" and in this happy faith he yielded up his spirit on her bosom. He was magnificently buried among the Knights Templars at Tripoli. Scarcely had this last ceremonial taken place, when the woman he had so worshipped made a sign, which seemed to confirm the previous rumors of their strange spiritual sympathies. Her heart was certainly more deeply interested in his fate than might well have been the case, had their mutual souls not communed before. The very day of his death, she who had lived a princess, in the very eye of pleased and wondering nations, suddenly retired from the world. She buried her head, if not her secret, beneath the hood of the cloister. "They were placed to sleep apart," says the ancient chronicle, "but, by the Virgin's grace, they wake together!"

An old Provençal author, whose name is unknown, writes:—"The Viscount Geoffrey Rudel, in passing the seas to visit his lady, voluntarily died for her sake." His passion has been deemed worthy of the recording muse of Petrarch, who says:—"By the aid of sails and oars, Geoffroi Rudel obtained the boon of death which he desired." We have furnished the ample history of this event. In one of the ancient metaphysical discussions so common in the Courts of Love, during the prevalence of chivalry, one of the questions proposed for discussion was as follows:

"Which contributes most powerfully to inspire love,—sentiment or sight—the heart or the eyes?"

The case was at once decided in favor of sentiment when the story of our troubadour was told. Once more, this narrative is no fiction, though of the purest school of fiction. Its facts are all to be found in the sober records of a period, when, however, society was not quite sober.

"ATLANTIS:"

OR, THE ISLES OF THE BLEST.

BY BASIL ORMOND.

"Here likewise there are trees, whose fruits are used for the sake of sport and pleasure, and which it is difficult to conceal; together with such dainties as are used as remedies for satiety, and are grateful to the weary. All these, an island, which once existed, bore, sacred, beautiful, and wonderful, in infinite abundance.—*Plato: Critias*. 585.

'Mid the sparkling waves of the distant West,
Where the sun sinks down to his evening rest,
And his parting beams o'er the waters play,
Like a God's bright smile from the realms of day;
Oh! never beheld by mortal eyes,
A cloudless, and beautiful country lies.

That unknown land! it sometimes seems,
That I tread its shores in my pleasant dreams;
I've heard the song of its wild-birds free,
In their notes of thrilling melody;
I've felt the breath of its scented breeze,
Murm'ring like music, through spangled trees,
And marked sweet faces that flitted by,
Sunny and warm as their own bright sky.

'T was a joy to pause on the lake's green side,
And gaze far down in the purpling tide,
Where Nereids twined their golden hair,
Gently laved by the waters clear,
And mysterious murmurs filled the air,
From viewless beings hovering near.

Those whispered strains float by me now,
Those pleasant winds still cool my brow;
I inhale the sweet incense of countless flowers,
Whose perfume arises from verdant bowers;
Oh! all that we dream of the lovely and fair,
Reposes in sunshine and gladness there.

Methinks, when wild fancy has mounted high,
And lent to the mortal a spirit's eye,
I have traced in that shadowy clime of bliss,
Fair forms, once twined round my heart in this.
Bright, bright was the glance of their eyes' soft ray,
But earthly feeling had passed away,
Save the warm delight of its nobler part,
The deathless love of a truthful heart.

'T is sweet to know, when the heart grows cold,
And the years of a wearisome life are told,
When the thin blood courseth chill and slow,
And the soul is o'ershadowed with heavy wo,
That the pilgrim of earth may find a rest,
In the beautiful isles of the ever blest.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

"But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth, where thy *nameless* martyrs rest!
The thousands, who, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days."

MRS. HEMANS.

"HURRA!" exclaimed John Golding to his sister Esther. "See what Mr. Brown has bought with Biddy's eggs!"

The boy's eyes sparkled, and his hands trembled with delight, while Esther's more serious countenance lighted up with a quick smile.

The treasure John exhibited with such exultation was a worn copy of Goldsmith's *Manners and Customs*. The title-page declared that it was *adorned* with plates; but readers accustomed to the present more beautiful style of publishing would have been slow to admit that the straight, lank figures, daubed with engravers' ink, were any ornament to the volumes. To the unpractised eyes of John and his sister, they were, however, gems of Art; and the manner in which they were obtained greatly increased their value. The children had received a cake and two little chickens from a neighbor, in payment for picking cranberries. Never did chickens give rise to such extensive speculations; not even the imaginary brood of the famous milk-maid. The chickens would become hens, and the hens would lay eggs, and Mr. Brown, who drove the market-wagon, would sell the eggs, and there were ever so many books in Boston, and who could guess what wonderful stories they would buy with their eggs? The vision was realized in due time. The chickens did become hens, and laid eggs; and Mr. Brown listened good-naturedly to John's request to sell them and buy "a book, that had pictures in it and told about countries a way off." Goldsmith's *Manners and Customs* came as the fruit of these instructions, and was hailed with an outburst of joy.

Most boys would have chosen to buy marbles or a drum; but John's earliest passion had been for a book. The subtle influences which organize temperaments and produce character, are not easily traced. His intellectual activity certainly was not derived from either of his parents; for they were mere healthy sluggish animals. But there was a tradition in the neighborhood, that his maternal grandmother was "an extraordinary

woman in her day; that few folks knew so much as she did; and if her husband had been half as smart and calculating, they would have been very fore-handed people!"

The children of the "extraordinary woman" inherited her husband's inert temperament, but her own energetic character re-appeared in her grandchildren; and they had the good fortune to be born in New England, where the moral atmosphere stimulates intellect, and the stream of knowledge flows free and full to all the people. Esther was as eager for information as her more vivacious brother; and though as a woman her pathway of life was more obstructed, and all its growth more stunted, she helped to lead him into broader avenues than she herself was allowed to enter. Being two years older than he, it was her delight to teach him the alphabet, as soon as he could speak; and great was her delight when he knew all the letters in her little, old primer, and could recite the couplet that belonged to each. They conveyed no very distinct idea to his mind, but Esther's praise made him very vain of this accomplishment. A dozen times a day he shouted the whole twenty-four, all in a row, and was quite out of breath when he arrived at:

"Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree,
His Lord to see!"

The mother, who was a kindly but dull woman, took little interest in their childish scrambling after literature; but she sent them to the town-school for the sake of having them out of the way, and she was somewhat proud that her children could "read joining hand," as she called it, earlier than neighbors of the same age. One day, when the minister of the village called, she told John to bring his book about *Manners and Customs*, and let the minister hear how well they could read. The good old man was much pleased with the bright boy and his intelligent, motherly sister. When their mother told him the story of the eggs, he patted them on the head and said: "That's right, my children. You can't be too fond of

your books. They are the best friends in the world. If you ask them, they will tell you about everything!" This remark, uttered in a very serious tone, made a deep impression. That evening, as brother and sister sat on the door-step, eating their supper of bread and milk, the sun set bright and clear after a transient shower, and a beautiful rainbow arched the entire heavens. "Oh, Esther, look at that pretty rainbow!" exclaimed John. "Ah, see! see! now there are two of 'em!" He gazed at the beautiful phenomenon with all his soul in his eyes, and added: "As soon as we have eggs enough, we will get Mr. Brown to buy a book that tells how rainbows are made, and where they come from." Esther replied, that she did wish the hens would lay three eggs a day.

When the market-man was commissioned to purchase another volume, he declared himself unable to find one that told where rainbows came from. In lieu thereof, he brought Bruce's Travels; and an unfailing source of entertainment it proved. Thus month by month their little library increased, and their intellectual craving grew fast by the food it fed on. They gathered berries, picked chips, ran on errands, rose early and worked late, to accumulate sixpences.

When this is done merely to obtain animal indulgences, or for the sake of possessing more than others, there is something degrading in the servile process; but when the object is pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, all creeping things become winged. Beautiful it is to see human souls thus struggling with poverty and toil, sustained only by those ministering angels, Hope and mutual Faith! Those who have life enough to struggle thus, are all the stronger for the contest. For the vigorous intellect it is better to be so placed than to be born in palaces. Jean Paul says truly: "Wealth bears far heavier on talent than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried?"

Esther and her brother were troubled with no ambitious conjectures whether or not they could ever become spiritual giants; they simply felt that the acquisition of knowledge was present delight. They thought little of hats and shoes, till father and mother said these must be bought with a portion of their wages; but after that, they were doubly careful of their hats, and often carried their shoes in their hands. Thus were they, in their unconscious earnestness, living according to laws which highest reason would prescribe for the whole social fabric. They worked industriously at manual labor, but always with a spiritual end in view; and that spiritual end was their own chosen recreation. They practised the most careful economy, but it was neither mean nor painful, because it was for a noble use, not for the mere sake of accumulation.

Though the poor parents were obliged to appropriate a portion of the children's juvenile earnings, there was one little fund that was sacredly their own. The two chickens had a progeny of chickens, and these, in process of time, likewise laid eggs. John picked up every stray grain of oats he could find, because he had heard it was a good kind of food to increase eggs: and busy little Esther saved all the oyster shells she could find, to pound for the hens in winter, when there was no gravel to furnish material for the shells. The cackling of a hen was to them an important event. Esther smiled at her knitting as she heard it, and John, as he plucked the weeds, raised up his head to listen. Hens have been often laughed at for proclaiming all abroad that another egg is in the world; but John's brood had a right to crow over their mission. Cackle away to thy heart's content, thou brown little feather-top! Never mind their jibes and jeers! Thy human superiors often become world-famous by simply obeying an impulse, which, unconsciously to themselves, evolves extensive and progressive good; and thou art not the first prattling egotist who has worked for far higher results than he had the ability to comprehend. Let him who laughs at thy cackling, measure, if he can, what share thy new-laid egg may have in changing the destiny of man! It will aid in the culture of a human soul. It will help to develope and stimulate individual thought. And if generously aimed and fearlessly uttered, may not that individual thought pervade and modify the entire opinion of society? And is not law the mere record of aggregate opinion?

Truly the cackling hen brought no such thoughts to simple Esther and her brother John. To them it merely announced that another egg was laid, and thereby another cent gained toward the purchase of a new book. They talked the stories over by the light of the moon, or recited to each other favorite passages from Burns and Bloomfield. When the field-laborers took their noon-day rest, you would be sure to find John hidden away in the shade of a haystack, devouring a book. His zeal attracted the minister's attention, and he often stopped to talk with him. One day, he said to the mother, "This boy will make something extraordinary. He must get an education. He must go to college, ma'am."

"Bless my heart, I might as well think of sending him to the moon!" she replied.

But Esther heard it, with a quick blush of pleasure and pride; and henceforth the one absorbing thought of her life was how to assist in sending John to college. Busily she calculated how much could be earned in two years by knitting, and binding shoes, and braiding straw. John listened with rapture to her plans, but his triumph was checked mid-way by the recollection that his sister

could not go to college with him. "Why, Esther, you have always been my teacher," he said. "You learn faster than I, and remember better. Why do n't women go to college?"

"They could n't be lawyers, and ministers, and judges, if they did," answered Esther.

"Why not?" said John.

Esther's knowledge and reflection on the subject stopped there, and she simply replied that women never had done such things.

"Why, yes, they have," said John. "The Bible says that Deborah was a judge; and Queen Elizabeth was more than a judge; and we read the other day that Isabella of Spain knew how to direct an army and govern the state, better than her husband, King Ferdinand. I am sure I do n't see why women should n't go to college."

The boy, in the eagerness of brotherly love, had started ideas which he was too ignorant to follow. But in his simple questions lies the germ of thoughts that will revolutionize the world. For as surely as there is a God of harmony in the universe, so surely will woman one day become the acknowledged equal and co-worker of man, in every department of life; and yet be more truly gentle and affectionate than she now is.

But Esther was too young to reflect on such matters. She loved her brother, and she wanted him to go to college; and with unquestioning diligence she applied her faculties to the purpose, in every way that was left open for her. She scarcely allowed herself time to eat and sleep, and grudged herself every article of apparel, so zealous was her sisterly love. Poor girl! there was no one to teach her the physical laws, and she knew not that toiling thus perpetually, without exercise for the body, or recreation for the mind, was slow suicide. Month after month she labored, and seldom spoke of pains in her side, and confused feelings in her head. Even her favorite luxury of reading was almost entirely relinquished; and John had little leisure to read to her such books as were entertaining. The minister had offered to hear him recite Latin and Greek once a week, and he was too busy with the classics to have time for *Voyages and Travels*. He often repeated his lessons to his sister, and from his bald translations she here and there gleaned a few ideas; but this kind of mental effort was little profitable, and less enlivening. Blessed Nature stood ever ready to refresh and strengthen her. The golden dandelion blossoms smiled brightly in her face, and the trees stretched their friendly arms over her in blessing; but she had no time to listen to their kind voices. It would have been difficult to lure her aside from her arduous path, even if she had known that it would lead to an open tomb.

When an object is pursued with such concen-

trated aim and persevering effort, it is almost always attained. John taught school in the winters, and worked at whatever his hand could find to do in the summers. Esther hoarded all her earnings to add to the Education Fund, as they called it; and their good friend the minister borrowed a hundred dollars for them, to be repaid according to their own convenience. At last, the darling hope of many years was realized. John went to college, and soon ranked among the best scholars of his class. His sister still toiled, that he might have a sufficiency of books and clothing. He studied hard, and taught school during college vacations, and returned home at the end of four years, attenuated almost to a skeleton.

The new milk and cheese-whey, the breath of the cows and the verdure of the fields, refreshed him, and in some degree restored his exhausted strength. But now he was fretted with the question, what to do with the education he had acquired with so much hardship. An additional expenditure of time and money was required to fit him for the professions. He was not stimulated by any strong preference for either of them, and his generous soul resisted the idea of taxing his dear sister's strength any farther for his own advantage. The old question of his boyhood returned with additional force. Why should she, with her noble nature and admirable faculties, be forever penned up within the small routine of petty cares, and mere mechanical efforts? Why should she not share his destiny, and enjoy with him a more expansive atmosphere for soul and body? To this end he resolved to labor. He would earn money by the readiest means that offered, and devote his earnings to her improvement. But Esther said, "If you educate me, dear John, what can I do with my education? I can do nothing but teach school; and for that I am sure my health is not adequate. The doctor says I must take as much exercise as possible."

"The doctor!" exclaimed John. "Why, Esther, you never told me you had been ill enough to consult a physician."

"It is merely a slight difficulty in my lungs," she replied. "I am going to spin on the great wheel this winter; and I think that will cure me. Do not trouble your kind heart about me, my dear John. While I have any health and strength, I will never consent to be a burden upon you, however much you may urge it. I do not believe that sisters ought to depend on brothers for support. I am sure it is far better for the character of women to rely on their own energies. But sometimes I think we have not a fair chance in the world. I often wish, as you do, that it was easy for us to obtain a more liberal education, and customary to use that education in a freer scope for all our faculties. But never mind, dear brother,

the door of *your* cage is open, and the world is all before you. Go where you will, I know you will never forget the sister who loves you so dearly. You are destined to go far ahead of me in life; but your good heart will never allow you to be ashamed of your poor untutored Esther."

John folded her close to his heart, and turned away to hide the gathering tears. He was more than ever desirous to do something for the high culture of that generous and affectionate soul. The way to earn a moderate income was soon opened to him. The widowed sister of one of the college professors wanted a private tutor for her sons; and John Golding was recommended by her brother. Here he came in contact, for the first time, with the outward refinements of life. Charming music, harmonious colors, elegant furniture, and, above all, the daily conversation of a cultivated woman, breathed their gentle and refining influences over his strong and honest soul. At first, he was shy and awkward, but the kindly atmosphere around him, gradually unfolded the sleeping flower-buds within, and without thinking of the process, the scholar became a gentleman. By careful economy, he repaid Esther the sums she had advanced for his education; but the question was forever renewed how he should manage to have her share his advantages, without sacrificing her noble spirit of independence. His visits to the old homestead reminded him, sometimes a little painfully, that he was leaving his family far behind him in the career of knowledge and refinement. His father chewed tobacco without much regard to cleanliness. His kind old mother *would* cut the butter with the same knife she had used in eating. She had done so all her life, but he had never before noticed it, and it vexed him to the heart to find himself so much annoyed by it now. His serious, gentle sister, was endowed with an unusual degree of natural refinement, which is usually a better teacher of manners than mere conventional politeness. But once, when he brought home one of his pupils, she came out to meet them dressed in a new gown, of dingy blue and brick-red, with figures large enough for bed-curtains. He blushed, and was for a moment ashamed of her; then he reproached himself that his darling Esther could seem to him in any respect vulgar. The next week he sent her a dress of delicate material and quiet colors, and she had tact enough to perceive, that this was a silent mode of improving her taste.

The most painful thing connected with his own superior culture was the spiritual distance it produced between him and his honest parents. Their relative positions were reversed. Father and mother looked up with wondering deference to their children. Like hens that have hatched ducks, they knew not what to make of their progeny,

thus launching out on a fluid element which they had never tried. But he perceived the distance between them far more clearly than they could. He could receive the whole of their thought, but was constantly obliged to check the utterance of his own, from a consciousness that allusions the most common to him, would be quite unintelligible to them. "The butterfly may remember the grub, but the grub has no knowledge of the butterfly." With Esther he had unalloyed pleasure of companionship; for though ignorant of the world, and deficient in culture, she was an intelligent listener, and it charmed him to see her grow continually under the influence of the sunshine he could bring to her. How he loved to teach her! How he longed to prove his gratitude by the consecration of all his faculties and means to her use!

In little more than a year after he left college, a delightful change came over his prospects. A brother of the widow in whose family he had been tutor, was appointed ambassador to Spain, and through her influence he selected John Golding for his private secretary. Esther, true to her unselfish nature, urged him by all means to accept the offer. "When you were a little boy," said she, "you were always eager to know about countries a great way off. But we little thought then that our cackling hens would ever bring you such a golden opportunity."

John's satisfaction would have been complete, if he could have taken Esther with him to that balmy clime. But she had many objections to offer. She said her rustic manners unfitted her for the elegant circles in which he would move; and he replied that she would catch the tone of polished society far more readily than he could. She reminded him that their parents needed his assistance to repair the old dilapidated homestead, and to purchase cows; and that he had promised to devote to their use the first money he could spare. He sighed, and made no answer; for he felt that his pecuniary resources were altogether inadequate to his generous wishes. Again the question returned, "Why cannot women go abroad, and earn their own way in the world, as well as men?" The coming ages answered him, but he did not hear the prophecy.

At last the hour of parting came. Painful it was to both, but far more painful to Esther. The young man went forth to seek novelty and adventure; the young woman remained alone, in the dull monotony of an uneventful life. And more than this, she felt a mournful certainty that she should never behold her darling brother again, while he was cheered by hopes of a happy reunion, and was forever building the most romantic "castles in Spain." She never told him how very ill she was; and he thought her interrupted

breath was caused merely by the choking emotions of an over-charged heart.

He deposited with a friend more money than he could have prevailed upon her to accept, and made a choice collection of books and engravings to cheer her during his absence. To the last moment, he spoke of coming for her next year, and carrying her to the sunny hills of Spain. With a faint smile she promised to learn Spanish, that she might be able to talk with her brother Don Scolardo; and so with mutual struggle to suppress their tears, the brother and sister, who had gone so lovingly, hand in hand, over the rough paths of life, parted just where the glancing summit of his hopes rose bright before him.

A letter written on board ship was full of cheerful visions of the quiet literary home they would enjoy together in the coming years. The next letter announced his arrival in Spain. Oh, the romantic old castles, the picturesque mills, the rich vineyards, the glowing oranges, the great swelling bunches of grapes! He was half wild with enthusiasm, and seemed to have no annoyance, except the fact that he could not speak modern languages. "I ought not," said he, "to complain of the college-education for which we toiled so hard, and which has certainly opened for me the closed gate-way of a far nobler life than I could probably have entered by any other means. But after all, dear Esther, much of my time and money was spent for what I cannot bring into use, and shall therefore soon forget. Even my Latin was not taught me in a way that enables me to talk freely with the learned foreigners I meet. By the light of my present experience, I can certainly devise a better plan of education for my son, if I ever have one. Meanwhile, dear sister, do not work too hard; and pray study French and Spanish with all diligence; for laugh as thou wilt at my 'castles in Spain,' I will surely come and bring thee here. Think of the golden oranges and great luscious grapes, which thou wilt never see in their beauty, till thou seest them here! Think of seeing the Alhambra, with its golden lattice-work, and flowery arabesques! Above all, imagine thyself seated under a fig tree, leaning on the bosom of thy ever-loving brother!"

Poor Esther! This description of a genial cli-

mate made her sigh; for while she read it, the cold East winds of New England were cutting her wounded lungs like dagger-points. But when she answered the precious letter, she made no allusions to this. She wrote playfully, concerning the health of the cows and the hens; asked him to inform her what was cackle in Spanish, for she revered the word, and would fain know it in all languages. Finally, she assured him, that she was studying busily, to make herself ready to reside in the grand castle he was building. The tears came to her eyes, as she folded the letter, but she turned hastily aside, that they might not drop on the paper. Never in her life had she been willing to let her shadow cross his sunshine.

It was the last letter she ever wrote. She had sought to crown her brother with laurels on earth, and his ministering angel crowned her with garlands in heaven.

* * * * *

Three years afterward, John stood by her humble grave in his native village. The tears flowed fast, as he thought to himself, "And I once blushed for thee, thou great and noble soul, because thou wert clothed in a vulgar dress! Ah, mean, ungrateful wretch that I was! And how stinted was thy life, thou poor one!—A slow grinding martyrdom from beginning to end."

He remembered the wish she had so meekly expressed, that women might have a more liberal education, and a wider scope for their faculties. "For thy sake, thou dear one," said he, "I will be the friend and brother of all women. To their improvement and elevation will I consecrate my talent and my education. This is the monument I will build to thee; and I believe thy gentle spirit will bless me for it in heaven."

He soon after married a young woman, whose character and early history strongly resembled his beloved sister's. Aided by her, he devoted all his energies to the establishment of a Normal School for Young Women. Mind after mind unfolds under his brotherly care, and goes forth to aid in the redemption of woman, and the slow harmonizing of our social discords.

Well might little brown feather-top cackle aloud; for verily her mission was a great one.

WRITTEN ON MOUNT HOLYOKE, JUNE FOURTEENTH.

I SAW thee yesterday in clouds—

To-day, the sun is on thy brow,

The clouds are up in heaven afar,

And thou art bright around me now.

O! thus may all the steep of life,

Though clouded when in distance seen,

Be ever, as we reach them, clothed

With sunny smiles and living green.—FRANK.

POWERS' STATUES.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

I CANNOT easily express the pleasure I have had, in looking at these statues. I should be almost afraid to say how they impress me in comparison with other works of art. The most powerful, certainly, of all the statues in the world is the Apollo di Belvedere. That is grandeur. If we descend a step lower and seek for beauty, I confess that I have nowhere felt it, as in these works of Powers; in his Eve, that is to say, and in the "Greek Slave." I do not mean the beauty of mere form, of the moulding of limbs and muscles. In this respect it is very likely that the Venus de' Medici is superior to the Eve and the Greek Girl. But I mean that complex character of beauty, which embraces with muscular form, the moral sentiment of a work. And looking at this last trait, I fearlessly ask any one to look at the Venus and at the Greek Girl, and then to tell me where the highest intellectual and moral beauty is found. There cannot be a moment's doubt. There is *no* sentiment in the Venus, but modesty. She is not in a situation to express any sentiment, or any *other* sentiment. She has neither done anything nor is going to do anything, nor is she in a situation, to awaken any moral emotion. There she stands, and says, if she says anything; "I am all-beautiful, and I shrink a little from the exposure of my charms!" Well she may. There ought to be some reason for exposure *besides* beauty; like fidelity to history as in the Eve, or helpless constraint as in the Greek Girl. Nay, according to the true laws of art, can that be right in a statue, which would be wrong, improper, disgusting in real life? I am so bold as to doubt it! Art proposes the representation of something that exists or may properly and beautifully exist in life. And I doubt whether statuary or painting have any more business to depart from that rule than poetry. And suppose that an Epic poem, for the sake of heightening the charms and attractions of its heroine, should describe her as walking about naked! Could it be endured? Nor any more do I believe that sculpture, without some urgent cause, should take a similar liberty. A draped statue can be beautiful, and can answer all the ordinary purposes of a work of art; witness Canova's Hebe; and the Polymnia in the Louvre, an ancient work. And I doubt not that ancient art would have given us more examples of this kind,

if the moral delicacy had been equal to the genius that inspired it. I trust that Christian refinement, breaking away from the trammels of blind subjection to the antique, will supply the deficiency. But at any rate, the statues of Mr. Powers are entirely free from this objection. She who walked in the bowers of primeval innocence, had never thought of apparel—had not yet been ashamed to find herself devoid of it; and she is clothed with associations which scarcely permit others to think of the possession or want of it. She is represented in this work as standing. Her left hand hangs negligently by her side; her right holds the apple; and upon this, with the head a little inclined, her countenance is fixed; and in this countenance there are beautifully blended, a meditation, a sadness, and an eagerness. When I first saw this statue, or model rather, the last of these expressions was not given. I said to the artist, "I see here two things; she meditates upon the point before her; and she is sad at the thought of erring." He said, "Yes; that is what I would express, but I must add another trait." I feared to have him touch it; but when I next saw the work, that expression of eager desire was added, which doubtless fills up the true ideal of the character.

I do not wish to speak of this work in any general term of commonplace praise. The world will see it, the skilful will judge of it, and I have no doubt about their verdict.

Much as I admire this statue, I confess that the Greek Slave interests me more deeply. I have spoken of the want of sentiment in the Venus. The form is beautiful, but the face is confessedly insipid. The Greek Slave is clothed all over with sentiment; sheltered, protected by it from every profane eye. Brocade, cloth of gold, could not be a more complete protection than the vesture of holiness in which she stands. For what does she stand there? To be sold; to be sold to a Turkish harem! A perilous position to be chosen by an artist of high and virtuous intent! A perilous point for the artist, being a good man, to compass. What is it? The highest point in all art. To make the spiritual reign over the corporeal; to sink form in ideality; in this particular case, to make the appeal to the soul entirely control the appeal to sense; to make the exposure of this beautiful creature foil the base intent for which it

is made ; to create a loveliness such that it charms every eye, and yet that has no value for the slave-market, that has no more place there than if it were the loveliness of infancy ; nay, that repels, chills, disarms the taste that would buy. And how complete is the success ! I would fain assemble all the licentiousness in the world around this statue, to be instructed, rebuked, disarmed, converted to purity by it ! There stands the Greek Girl in the slave-market, with a charm as winning as the eye ever beheld, and every sympathy of the beholder is enlisted for the preservation of her sanctity ; every feeling of the beholder is ready to execrate and curse the wretch that could buy such a creature ! There she stands, with a form less voluptuous than the Venus de' Medici, but if possible more beautiful to my eye ; manacles clasp her wrists and a chain unites them ; her head is turned aside a little ; and then her face—I cannot describe it—I can only say that there is the finest

imaginable union of intellectual beauty, touching sadness, and in the upper lip, the slightest possible curl, just enough to express mingled disdain and resignation. The thought of a fate seems to be in her face, and perhaps nothing could better bring to its climax the touching appeal of innocence and helplessness.

I will only add, that Mr. Powers' work seems to me to be characterized by a most remarkable simplicity and chasteness. Nature is his guide, to the very letter. No extravagance, no straining after effect, no exaggeration to make things more beautiful ; all is calm, sweet, simple nature. The chasteness in these statues is strongly contrasted with the usual voluptuousness of the antique, and it is especially illustrated by the air of total unconsciousness in the Eve and the Greek Girl. This is a trait of delicacy, in my opinion, altogether higher than the shrinking attitude and action of most of the antique statues of Venus.

THE RECALL.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

THE flowers have bloomed in wood and glen
Since last we saw thy face ;
And will they fade and rise again,
Ere thy familiar place
Be filled as we would see it filled,
And every anxious thought be stilled ?

Where art thou ?—On the mighty deep,
Tossed by the winds and waves ?
In waking thought or dreamy sleep,
Floating o'er hidden graves ?
Fainting and weak on tropic seas,
Or chilled where mountain icebergs freeze ?

Where art thou ?—On Italia's plains ?
By Grecia's fallen worth ?
Where David sang his matchless strains,
Which echo round the earth ?
Where once the Saviour trod, ere he
Was crowned with thorns on Calvary ?

Dost thou, by Egypt's ancient stream,
Repose thy weary frame,
And think, for ages how the gleam
Of that fierce sunlight flame

Has fallen on the tribes of men
Who ne'er shall feel those beams again ?

Come back ! there is no spot so bright
As where we wait for thee ;
Nowhere so softly falls the light,
No birds so full of glee ;
And oh, no hearts so warm as ours
Which count these slowly-passing hours !

We ask the early evening star
Upon thy path to shine !
We hail the moonbeams from afar,
To lay upon the shrine
Of love and prayer which thou dost rear
The silvery rays that greet us here.

When morning rends the veil of sleep,
Let thy first thought be home ;
And shouldst thou lonely vigils keep,
Let busy mem'ry roam
Back to thine eyrie, where await
The loved, the wept, the desolate !

THE MARGUERITES.

From the German.

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.



RS. BERCHTHOLD, the intelligent and virtuous wife of a citizen, took a walk one Sunday, outside of the gates—where she owned a large meadow—accompanied by little Marie, her daughter, who, dressed in white, with a small, neat straw hat, walked modestly by her side. The day was one of the loveliest in spring, and the meadow was already adorned with the most beautiful green, and the first blossoms of the year.

“How clear and blue the sky is to-day,” said Marie, “and how charmingly green the meadow looks, all sprinkled with those little flowers, there, like stars. Just as the blue sky glitters with golden stars at night, this green spot of earth is ornamented with lovely flowers. I like this very much; the good God has made everything very beautiful.” She gathered some of the flowers, saying, “they are very pretty indeed, the inner circle is an incomparably fine yellow, and the delicate white leaves surround it like rays. Only see, dear mother, what a pretty rose-color the points of the white leaves wear! The little buds, too, are so pretty; white and green, and round as pearls. We only call these meadow-flowers; but people may call every blossom that grows on the meadows, meadow-flowers—have not these some particular name?”

“O yes!” replied her mother, “they are called grass-flowers, because there is hardly a green spot or grass-plot on which they may not be seen. People call them monthly flowers, because there

is hardly a month of the year in which they do not bloom, except when the ground is covered with ice and snow. They are also called goose-flowers, probably because the tender green leaves are very welcome as the first nourishment of the young goslings. The ordinary name of these flowers, however, is Maaslieben.*

“Maaslieben!” exclaimed Marie, “that is a singular name; tell me, dear mother, how they obtained it, and what it means?”

“I am not certain,” said her mother, “that I can tell you, exactly. I think, however, that this name was bestowed upon these modest flowers because they content themselves with such a simple, unpretending garb, and yet present quite a gay and pretty appearance. Thus ought we to love a medium in dress. These flowers are only adorned with yellow and white and a little tinge of red; nevertheless, they please. When you, as at present, are dressed in your best, you also have on a yellow straw hat and a white frock, which is only adorned with a pale pink sash. This simple dress is certainly more becoming to you than all the splendor of dazzling colors. I desire that in your dress, and in all other things, you may ever thus be fond of a medium. Yes! ever may you be a *Maasliebchen*.”

“Mother,” said Marie, “in our garden at home we have no flowers, there is nothing but green; may I transplant some stalks of these into the garden bed that you gave me, and where you have permitted me to plant whatever I wished to.”

“Certainly, my dear. Why not?” replied Mrs. Berchthold. “Do so by all means. These flowers also belong to the useful herbs. We can eat the green leaves as a salad, or mix them with lettuce or spinach. They also serve as medicine. I have a friend whose lungs began to be diseased, and who, as she affirms, was cured with the green leaves of this plant. Thus the agreeable and the useful are united in this little flower. May it ever be so with us.”

On the following day Marie went to the meadow, dug up several small roots, that had not yet budded, and set them out neatly in rows, as her mother was careful to do with the cabbage-plants and lettuce in her beds. The soil was of

* Maaslieben (loving a medium), is the literal signification of this name, of which the German is retained.

the best sort, and she tended the little plants in the most careful manner. She often loosened the earth around them; she diligently pulled up every weed or knot of grass that might have deprived them of nourishment; and did not forget to water them if it had not rained for some time.

As the buds came out, and the flowers at length made their appearance, Marie was not a little surprised. The blossoms were quite different from those that she had seen in the meadow, and much handsomer. They had no longer the white leaves which before encircled the yellow, and the once yellow circle was now much larger, of a deep or pale red, and composed, as it were, of little delicate tubes, set close together.

One day Marie ran hastily to her mother, crying, "O, mother, do come and see what a miracle has happened to my flowers. Surely you will not know them again, they have become so beautiful."

Her mother went out with her. "Only see how beautiful," cried Marie; "and do not you think they look like cut velvet?"

"Indeed, you are right," said her mother, "they are like velvet, and, therefore, the people of some countries call such cultivated meadow-flowers velvet-flowers. You see now, how greatly beautified and ennobled these common flowers become by careful nursing."

Marie was in such ecstasies with the miraculous transformation of the Maaslieben into velvet flowers, that she brought a great many more roots from the meadow, planted her garden bed entirely with them, and tended them most carefully. And now a new miracle took place. They began to bloom: and when they were in full flower, behold! the yellow in the centre had vanished entirely. The outer ray-like leaves had so multiplied, that the whole flower consisted of those delicate leaves, which united to form the neatest possible blossom. Some were white as snow, others pale-red, and others rose-colored, while the whole of them resembled at a distance remarkably beautiful little roses.

Marie, when she beheld the charming flowers, again ran hastily to her mother, exclaiming, "Come, O come, dearest mother! Now you may see something new in my flowers! There! only look, and be amazed! I think, if I continue to take such care of the common Maaslieben, that thousands of lovely flowers will make their appearance."

"That is very probable," said her mother, "and on that account people call these flowers *thousand-beauties*. This phenomenon, is however not so new as you suppose; many florists have already cultivated the common Maaslieben long before you; the *thousand-beauties* are now among the ordinary garden flowers."

"And thus," continued Mrs. Berchthold, "may we also perfect and ennoble everything in nature by careful cultivation. As with these improved daisies, so it fares with the greater part of flowers and fruits. Many of the most beautiful flowers of the garden, were derived from common field flowers; and even the most highly-prized apples and pears come from trees which formerly bore only the commonest crab-apples and pears. Thus does God reward the attention and diligence of man, and thus has He made man the lord of nature. But even man himself," pursued the good mother, "only arrives at full development, through a wise and good education. It is truly a pity that many children will not allow themselves to be so easily improved as these flowers are; and even that not a few of them, by their self-will, disobedience and refractoriness, render the very best education abortive. Learn, my dear child, not to set a light value upon the blessing of a good education, which I am endeavoring to bestow upon you, and so conduct yourself that it may attain its end in the most perfect manner."

Marie's improved flowers multiplied greatly. The entire bed in which she had planted no other flower or herb, was overrun by the green leaves, and resembled a thick grass plot; and the little girl now thought that the beautiful flowers required no farther care, and allowed them to increase as they would. But she soon met with a new surprise, not so agreeable as the former. The beautiful "*velvet flowers*," and the delicate "*thousand-beauties*," again gradually became quite common daisies as they had been at first.

"Oh, how provoking this is!" cried Marie. "I could not have believed that I should have experienced such vexation, on account of these flowers, which have given me so much pleasure."

"The causes of this unfortunate alteration are easily told," replied her mother. "The first is this: you have neglected the flowers, and then no longer took care to keep the earth sufficiently rich; you no longer thought of watering them; you allowed them to stand too close to each other, and did not pull the weeds; therefore they are again growing after their former common manner and description. Nothing but continual care can preserve cultivated flowers in their beauty; without it they become wild again."

"Thus it is with the education of men. The early training may be as good as possible, and the growing youth may be even as well instructed, but if too soon left to itself it quickly degenerates. Do not be vexed then if I still find it needful to remind you of many things, to admonish you, and to restrain you a great deal. It is true that since you transplanted these roots into our garden, you have grown larger and older, and even wiser, and better also; but you still require constraint, over-

sight, and direction, in order that you may not degenerate like these flowers.

"Another reason why your improved garden-flowers have again become common meadow-flowers, is, that I left a piece of land adjoining your flower-bed to lie as a grass-plot, that I might bleach yarn upon it. A quantity of common daisies grow among the grass, and many experienced florists affirm that the common meadow-flowers spoil these garden-flowers, making them wild, and restoring them to their former state. A subtle warning is found in this, that we must avoid the society of unworthy and disorderly people, if we do not desire to become like them. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' You see also by this, dear Marie," added her mother, "that God has placed much good instruction in nature, which may be of great use to us if we study it observantly and know how to discover these good lessons, and then likewise follow them."

Marie now tended her plants with renewed care, and removed the uncultivated daisies from their neighborhood, when behold!—her flowers, which she called her foster-children, again improved and became more and more beautiful.

Marie herself also gave ear to the admonitions of her mother, and did not render the instructions of her tender monitress fruitless by her obstinacy and intractableness. She avoided the society of

ill-behaved young people, and became a most excellent and virtuous girl, more blooming and lovely than all her flowers, gratefully acknowledging the good education which her mother had given her.

On one of the returns of her mother's birth-day, Marie led her to a beautiful grass-plot in the garden, on which in alternate deep red, white and rose-colored "*thousand beauties*," the Christian name of Mrs. Berchthold bloomed in the loveliest manner.

"Dearest mother," said she, "you have bestowed more care upon me than I have on these flowers. They have gratefully recompensed my trifling care, how can I be less grateful? Let this, my small thank-offering for your great trouble please you!"

The mother rejoiced over her affectionate, modest, and grateful daughter. "My dear daughter," said she, "these flowers must now be called *Marie* flowers, in honor of you."

"O, no!" said the daughter, "they shall have your name, which they form on this spot—the name of *Margaretta*!"

The mother, thenceforth, called them *Marie* flowers, as they are yet called in some places, but the daughter, and in the sequel others also, preferred naming the lovely flowers *Margaret* flowers, while among us their common name is *China-asters*.

SUSAN.

BY MRS. E. S. SWIFT.

I.

HER white feet hidden by the ocean's spray,
Fair, young and pure as the new-risen day,
She stood upon the beach. Within her eye
Sweet thoughts were playing, and a half-breathed sigh,
Love's first-born utterance, to her red lip stole,
And precious fancies, henceforth past control,
Floated around her—while earth, sky and wave
Back from her soul its visioned beauty gave.
Then, in a clear, low voice, one name she spoke,
And, like a startled fawn, as silence broke,
Quick blushes, with mute eloquence, expressed
The tender secret of her virgin breast:
For Love, the rover, of no storms afraid,
On the sea's lonely shore had found the maid.

II.

White flowers lie thickly scattered o'er a shroud,
And with a drooping head in anguish bowed,
A stricken mourner through the silent night
Keeps watch beside his dead. O, Love hath might
Of strong resistance—by the beauteous clay,
In vain his trembling lips the words essay,
"Thy will be done"—he listens for the breath
Of the pale sleeper—asking life from death!
So still—so lovely—on the marble brow,
No trace of earthly care is lingering now,
And those sweet eyes, whence joy perpetual shone,
Seem, with their curled fringes, turned to stone.
"Dust unto dust"—but ah! beyond the skies,
A spotless angel entered Paradise!

THE NEW ENGLANDERS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. STARK.

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword
I'll fight with heart and hand."

CHEVY CHASE.

LEXINGTON and Bunker's Hill and other battle fields had already witnessed the martial prowess of those whom a gallant American officer—Colonel Cilley—styled, "Full-blooded Yankees!"

With all their faults of character, faults which the panegyrics of Yankee historians cannot veil, the New Englanders almost invariably accomplish what they undertake!

Illustrative of this, is the storming of Stony Point.

Stony Point is situated some miles below West Point, on the west side of the Hudson. Immediately above it and within cannon range, is Verplanck's Point, on the opposite side of the Hudson.

These two points were deemed important for the occupation of either army. Inasmuch as, if occupied by the Americans, they afforded means of retarding, if not of cutting off entirely, the communication between the Eastern states and the seat of Sir Henry Clinton's army, and the city of New-York. And if occupied by the British, the communication was open, and they would have in a great degree the command of the Hudson, and an easy transit into New England.

Thus Stony Point was regarded by both armies as a place of importance. Previous to the events which we shall sketch, it had been occupied and slightly fortified by the Americans, but it was taken from them by the British. After the capture by the British, the place was very strongly fortified by them, and on the 15th of July, 1779, was garrisoned by six hundred British regular troops. The Americans, however, who had been formerly driven from the position, were well acquainted with the nature of the ground, and Washington, himself, personally, made a *reconnaissance* of the works. And although they were found to be strong, he resolved, in view of the importance to the cause of liberty of occupying the place, to attempt a surprise—an attempt that mere human prudence might pronounce desperate. But liberty never despairs!

But there is a man in Washington's army who never loses his self-possession, and would have

been the same at the head of a forlorn hope, in the council, or at his fireside; and he was called, in the familiar talk of the soldiers, '*Mad Anthony!*'

His madness, however, appears not only to have had method in it, but to have been of close kin to the madness imputed to the great Captain—General Wolfe, of whom it is related, that when, in the war of 1756, his name was mentioned to the king of Great Britain, as a person fit to be employed in the expedition against Canada, the ministers attempted to persuade the king that "a long and melancholy list" of superannuated lieutenant-generals and major-generals had claims, derived from rank, superior to those of Wolfe; and this argument failing, urged that Wolfe was a *madman!* "Well!" says the king, "I only wish he would *bite* the rest of my generals!" Such was the madness of '*Mad Anthony!*'

General Wayne, always cool and self-possessed, never flinched, under any circumstances, from his duty, as a soldier or as a citizen. And to him Washington entrusted the arduous duty of taking Stony Point. And Washington addressed Wayne as follows:

"General Wayne! the exigency of the service requires that some officer of distinction should expose his person, as well as hazard his *present* reputation. Stony Point must be recaptured, and if I have not misunderstood your character, you deem the post of danger in your country's cause, the post of honor!"

"Has your excellency formed any plan of attack?"

"I have considered the matter. I think the place must be stormed!"

"If your excellency has considered it, and advise the storm, I will storm everything this side of heaven!"

"General; here are your orders. The greater part of the troops detailed for this service, are from New England. *I know them*, and you can rely upon them."

Recreants are found everywhere, and thirteen

men of the corps ordered for this attack deserted to the enemy, and gave information of the intended movement of the Americans. The British garrison was at once put upon the alert.

July the 15th—11 o'clock at night. The American forces were disposed in two columns. Each column was to be preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men. The van guard of each column, was ordered to advance with unloaded muskets and *fixed bayonets*. And Mad Anthony, determined that the order to rely solely upon the bayonet should be enforced, rode along the ranks, and ordered the sergeants to strike the flints from the muskets. As he saw the forlorn hope of the right column advancing, he reined up his horse, threw the bridle from his hand, and springing from the saddle, thus addressed them :

"Well, boys! we are all in for it, and we will get out of it, or I am not Anthony Wayne! We will have Stony Point, and we will make them remember it!"

A low murmur of approbation came from the soldiers. But there were many among them whose compressed lips and lowering brows, showed that feelings of vengeance were in their breasts. Many among them had suffered from British brutality, and others had witnessed or heard of outrages committed upon defenceless relatives. Aged men, women and children, had been the victims of the invaders. Homesteads destroyed, and desolation, and ruin, had followed their footsteps. And now the hour of retribution was at hand, and bitter thoughts arose in the hearts of many who would have been shocked at cruelty in any other form.

The word was given to advance, and shoulder to shoulder, their bayonets fixed, they noiselessly moved on. The ground was rough and uneven. Hills and morasses were climbed and traversed. The army was divided into two columns, one of which was to enter the fortress on the right, the other on the left. The forlorn hope, in advance of either column, led the march. They were to remove all obstacles on the way. The columns moved on. The night was far advanced, and favored by the darkness, they stole along, undiscovered by the enemy. They arrived at the morass which separated them from the fort. The river had risen. They plunged in, and uncheered by martial music, stemmed its waters. But they were now discovered! The sentinels were alarmed, and the garrison was at once on the alert. A murderous fire was poured down upon the Americans. But they still advanced. They found an abattis, composed of felled trees, the branches of which had been sharpened to points, and thus formed a fearful obstacle to their advance. But the courage and endurance of the New Englanders was not to be daunted by any obstacle, however

formidable. Patiently they stood their ground, the fire of the field-pieces and the shells from the howitzers thinning their ranks! The forlorn hope exerted their utmost efforts to make an opening in the abattis, and at last a passage was cleared. But still the avengers moved noiselessly on.

The British, deceived by their silence, taunted them as cowards. They climbed the surrounding precipices and the abattis, and cried, "Come on, ye damned rebels."

No answer was returned from the approaching foe, but the words hiss through the clenched teeth of the soldiers, as they mutter, "we will soon be with you."

The stern voice of Wayne is heard above the roar of the British guns—

"Men! follow me."

The columns poured on, and the bayonet glittering amid the flash of guns, was alone opposed to the "iron rain" that fell upon them. The gallant Wayne was wounded in the face, but he sustained himself. In vain the tried veterans of the British king endeavored to break those serried ranks. They were not to be resisted. But they reached the centre of the fort, strewing their path with the bodies of those who had opposed them.

A gallant officer, Major Fleury, the leader of one of the van-guards, sprang up the bastion, and the flag of the invaders was struck, and up rose the standard of Liberty. The stars and stripes floated upon the breeze, and the loud shout of "victory!" is heard from the Americans.

But a still greater victory awaited them. They had conquered the foe, and they are to conquer the unsleeping passion of revenge: and they do it. Quarter is asked, and quarter is given.

The British commander, Colonel Johnson, afterwards honorably admitted that not one drop of useless blood was shed.

But among the British troops were found those, whom brave men could not pity—they could only despise. Three Americans by birth, men of station and family, were in the enemy's ranks, and the soldiers' wrath burned fiercely at the sight of these traitors to their country. But the officers interfered, and they were left to live, hated by their own countrymen, and despised by the truly brave of those whose standard they had joined.

The British historian Stedman, thus speaks of the conduct of the Americans, at the capture of Stony Point. "The conduct of the Americans was highly meritorious, for they would have been fully justified in putting the garrison to the sword; not one of which was put to death, but in fair combat."

An authentic American historian says, "That the killed and wounded of the Americans, amounted to ninety-eight; the killed of the garri-

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Engraved by T. Hursey

son sixty-three, and the prisoners five hundred and forty-three. Two flags, two standards, fifteen pieces of ordnance, and a considerable quantity of military stores, fell into the hands of the conquerors. Out of the forlorn hope, led by Lieutenant Gibbons, seventeen out of twenty men were lost; and Lieutenant Knox, who commanded the second forlorn hope, lost nearly as many."

Congress passed a vote of thanks to General Washington, "for the vigilance, wisdom and magnanimity, with which he had conducted the military operations of the States, and which were particularly manifested in his orders for the above enterprise. They also gave thanks to General Wayne, and ordered a medal, emblematic of the action, to be struck, and a medal of gold to be presented to him. They directed a silver medal to be presented to Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury, and one also to Major Stewart, and passed general resolutions in honour of the officers and men; particularly designating Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury, Major Stewart, and Lieutenants Gibbons and Knox.

Sir Henry Clinton was completely taken by surprise, by this successful *coup-de-main*. He had planned an expedition against New London, where he had strong hopes of securing the waverers, who are to be found in all communities and in all crises. There were in New London adherents to the British authority, who hazarded their persons and their estates, upon a principle of loyalty—respectable, because it was honest and sincere. And there were many men there, who, lacking the courage openly to avow their sentiments, wavered between the two parties—Liberty

and the King. A victory on our side, and they shouted for liberty—a reverse, and they cowered and shrunk from observation; and if questioned as to their sentiments, they agreed for the moment with those in power. The proposed expedition to New London, was intended to give countenance to the first class, and to allure and seduce the second.

The American troops were in scattered cantonments. Clinton supposed he could reach New London without interruption. Relying upon these circumstances, and trusting to the influence his host would produce upon the hearts of the waverers, Sir Henry felt confident of success in that quarter.

But his plans were most timely frustrated, by the forethought and wisdom of Washington. He had penetrated the British general's scheme, and his sagacity aided by the gallantry of Wayne, foiled Sir Henry Clinton.

Long will Stony Point be remembered. The gallant conduct of the officers and men, was enhanced by the humanity displayed to the vanquished.

New Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk, were smoking in ruins, when this victory was accomplished; and, with the desolation of their firesides still fresh in their memory, these heroic men granted quarter to the suppliants.

And on after occasions, when American garrisons were summoned to surrender, under threat of 'no quarter' in case of refusal, the answer was given by the commander, and with effect: "Remember Stony Point!" And Stony Point was, and is remembered.

INNOCENCE AND FIDELITY.

(See the Engraving.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHILDREN and Dog tell their own story; there is a natural affinity between them. Who has not observed the considerate forbearance of a great, grave dog, towards the little people he is used to being teased by? Let them offer the bit of bread ever so coaxingly, and snatch it away ever so provokingly, what care will the canine philosopher take lest his white, gleaming teeth, that look so dangerous, should even graze the tender skin, when he does at last succeed in snapping the tempting morsel! With what saint-like patience will he again and again plunge into the water after the stone that pretends to be a stick, but sinks to

the bottom, out of his reach. How many times will he change his position, without even a growl, as the little torments follow him about in order to sit upon his panting side. Truly, many a lesson of love and patience may be learned of the dog. How did his name ever become a term of reproach?

Beautiful as our plate is, we have yet to apologize for it, since it is not from an *original* design. This accident, which arose from the artist's having been absent from the city, will be remedied in a future number, when we shall offer an *extra picture*, from the pencil of Mr. Matteson.

GOETHE'S EDUCATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most amusing incidents of Goethe's early life was the quartering of a French count upon his father's family. Goethe the elder sided politically with the Prussians, and he was of too marked and decided a character to witness the occupation of Frankfort by the French forces without extreme annoyance. What, then, was his vexation when Count Thorane, who bore both civil and military rule as king's lieutenant, took up his abode in the newly-built mansion, which had just been arranged and adorned with all that could be devised as fitting it for the residence of an artistic and intellectual epicure. Pictures, curiosities, specimens, memorials of foreign travel, books, music—all that old Goethe most prized, and was educating his son to appreciate—were to be abandoned to the caprices of strangers, under the circumstances of a compulsory military occupation. No wonder the artist-collector-master was in a ferment! His son says, "Had it been possible for him to have taken the matter more easily, he might have saved himself and us many sad hours." The unwelcome guest behaved himself like the iron pattern man he was; refraining from all willing annoyance and intrusion, and fulfilling his functions as quietly as he could. But, says Goethe, "His people were never at rest during the whole day and a part of the night; one complainant quickly following another as arrested persons were brought in and led out; as all the officers and adjutants were admitted to his presence; and as, moreover, the Count kept *an open table every day*, it made, in a moderately-sized house, arranged but for one family, and with but one open staircase running from top to bottom, a perpetual bustle and buzzing, like that in a beehive." In short, the sanctuary was turned into a hotel, and the owner into something little short of a madman; and this continued for years!

All this had a bearing upon Goethe's education. The father's irritation threw his habits into confusion. The lessons were no longer given with the same regularity, and the children were allowed to run into the street, and amuse themselves by gazing at military processions, one consequence of the count's residence being an ever open door, guarded by sentinels who took no cognizance of restless children. Meanwhile, the count, being also an enthusiast in art, sent for all the Frankfort artists, bought their pictures, and ordered more, and even

established a studio in the house, where his employés could work under his own eye. Here was a school for Wolfgang! He learned French from the officers, and painting from the artists; he pried into everything with a ravenous instinct for self-improvement; while a free ticket for the theatre, given him by his grandfather, opened to him a new aspect of life. Making love to a young girl to whom he was introduced by means of his soon-formed theatrical acquaintances, and then fighting a duel with her brother, are among the rather peculiar episodes of this portion of his life (the age of *ten*). No vaudeville can be more amusing; but we must deny ourselves the pleasure of going into particulars.

The next thing was to write a play! It is not to be supposed that it was accepted, but what an attempt! The rejection set the author upon studying the unities, and reading all the plays of Racine and Molière, with the greater part of Corneille, while the living theatre was never neglected. Drawing lessons filled up moments of leisure, while music, magnetism, electricity served for play. By way of variety, the father took to cultivating silk, and Goethe and his sister were employed in tending the worms. Next, a set of Roman views, which had been spoiled by exposure, were to be restored—a work of much time and trouble for two children. Then an English teacher happened to make his appearance in Frankfort, and was employed, as a matter of course. Greek having been well-begun, Hebrew was next attempted, as being a very "simple language," and this, we are told, if it did not, as was expected, facilitate the study of the Sacred Scriptures, at least produced in the mind of the learner a livelier picture of the Holy Land. "If an ever busy imagination," says Goethe, "led me hither and thither—if a medley of Fable and History, Mythology and Religion, threatened to bewilder my brains, those oriental regions were my safe retreat." His predilection for the Orient led to a biblical prose-epic, called *JOSEPH*, which, with some miscellaneous poetry of a still earlier date, was bound in a neat volume, and presented to the father. The Sunday sermons were constantly recited or written out on returning home, and the boy's attention was turned to what may in some sense be called religion, though it seems with him to have taken the form of theological speculation.

All this while, the father's main object for his son was Jurisprudence, and although the pursuits we have but imperfectly indicated, may not seem to have tended very obviously to this end, it must be conceded that in allowing the brilliant mind this unrestrained browsing, as we might call it, over the whole field of human knowledge, there was at least a preparation for great strength of the mental muscles, and an ability to perform great things when the course should be once entered upon, provided, always, that some not very improbable accident did not mar the race altogether.

Law now divided the day with fencing, riding and dancing; the study of city antiquities and the condition of the Frankfort Jews; public executions and conflagrations of condemned books; the examination of workshops and the condition of the working classes generally; daily instructions from a skilful lapidary, who was employed upon a magnificent work intended for the emperor, and equally constant inspection of several painters who were employed to paint flowers and insects, with the closest examination of a manufactory of oil-cloths, and a running accompaniment of theatrical performance, both tragic and comic!

If this list almost takes away one's breath, and seems to imply nothing better than a series of necessarily abortive attempts, we have only to

remember the result, and we shall form some idea of the quality of the mind which bore such training. If it were attempted in our country to initiate this course of education, the plan would probably end in the insanity or death of the subject, since the active and exhilarating amusements which served to counterbalance such mental tension, would be almost entirely wanting. The means of active amusement are not lacking among us, but the habit and spirit of it are wholly unknown; so that, too often, application which promises splendid results, serves but to slope the way to an early grave. Amid all the multifarious training of the future poet, it is curious to observe what deference was paid to Nature. There was no attempting to make a premature little old man of the brilliant boy. His achievements were never urged against him when his childish nature prompted to childish folly, in order to shame him into preternatural gravity. If he chose to make nonsense-verses, he was not reminded of his deep study of Jewish Antiquities; he caught a mouse for the painter or assisted in the choice of a subject with equal zest.

Goethe's attachments form so striking a feature of his history, that we must defer entering upon the first interesting episode of this kind until another time. Gretchen is too sweet a creature to be brought in at the end of a chapter.

THE YOUNG PRISON VISITANTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

We sought for our fair ones, when Summer was brightest,
And fresh o'er the meads breathed the newly-mown hay,
When the wing of the bird through blue ether was lightest,
But found them—(how strange)—to the prison away.

To the prison! And why should the gems of our treasure
Resort to the cell where captivity sighs?
The gay, sparkling lights from the halls of our pleasure,
To the grate where the sunbeam of liberty dies?

Oh say, when those beings of freedom and gladness
Illumined the realm of the bolt and the chain,
Did a smile wreath the brow of the Demon of sadness
At the sight of such guests to his dreary domain?

Like Eclus, stern king, when his cavern of wildness
By the footsteps of Juno was lightly impressed,
Did he teach his rude forces a lesson of mildness,
And charge them to wait on the will of the blest?

Or like the brief star, o'er the storm-driven ocean,
Did they mock for a moment at misery's tear,
Then cold and unmoved at the billows' commotion
Envelope their brows and return to their sphere?

Ah no! for the page of true wisdom had taught them—
That voice from above which the Christian obeys—
The blessed Redeemer's sweet spirit had brought them
To seek the lost sheep, whom the spoiler betrays;

To visit the erring, to cheer the forsaken,
To remember the fallen, whom worldlings despise,
And, perchance, through the hope of the Gospel, awaken
A joy for the angels, when penitence sighs.

And better than beauty, that flower of the morning
That fades ere the sun opes the gates of the west,
Than the power and the pride of all earthly adorning
Is the crown of such deeds, in the clime of the blest.



THE SWAMP GHOST AT CHRISTMAS.

A Southern Sketch.

BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA.

It was Christmas Eve in old Carolina. Christmas Eve,—that fatal epoch for the denizens of the poultry-yard,—when especially the finest, fattest turkeys, if they had the gift of prescience, might know that their hours were numbered, and that a similar fate to that which had befallen their fat friends about that time the previous year, most certainly awaited them. At Roseville, the plantation of Dr. Erasmus Jones, it might, however, be discerned that something more than the usual Christmas preparation was going forward, or that some excitement, greater than usual, caused every cheek to flush, and every eye to brighten at any unusual sound. The truth was, that Frank Jones, the eldest son and brother, was that evening expected home. For two whole years the family had not seen his joyous countenance, and little wonder was it that the fire of expectation sparkled in every eye. During these two years Master Frank had been at a distant northern college, poring over musty tomes,—at least, this was the belief of his fond parents and friends,—

preparing himself for future distinction and usefulness.

Two beautiful sisters he had, named Emily and Lizzie; and these might now be seen standing at the large old-fashioned window of the upper hall, which commanded the best view of the avenue of stately oaks, leading from the high road to the house. There, too, was little Ned, with his curly flaxen hair, and large blue eyes, the very image of Lizzie, who had always been accounted the beauty of the family. Ned was apparently as anxious as anybody to see far down the avenue, for he was stretching himself upon tip-toe, and with evident inconvenience was making most persevering efforts to gaze out of the window.

"What can keep Frank so long?" exclaimed Lizzie, "I declare, it is almost sun-down. See, Emily! the sun is even now sinking behind the trees. Oh, suppose he should not come to-night!"

"Do n't mention it, Lizzie," said Emily, "'t would be too bad; I should cry my eyes out. But nonsense! I'm sure he'll come."

At these words Emily threw up the window sash, and leaning out as far as possible,—so far that Lizzie held her back with her strongest grasp,—she gazed intently down the long avenue, now, in the fading sunlight, deeply shaded by its over-arching moss-grown oaks. At some distance down the avenue stood a group of twenty or thirty negroes, watching for the beloved and earnestly-expected one. And now a slight movement was observed among them, while the sisters held their breath and gazed out into the deepening twilight still more earnestly.

"The negroes see something," exclaimed Lizzie, "Frank must be coming;" and just at this moment the whole group started suddenly, and scampered down the avenue at the very top of their speed, turning up their broad flat heels behind them in a manner that was perfectly wonderful to behold. The sisters needed no better assurance of the fact that the wanderer was certainly in sight; though their optics, not quite so keen as those of the negroes, still refused to give them the slightest glimpse of even a distant speck at the further end of the long avenue. Down stairs they ran, however, little Neddie scrambling after them, and in another moment they had cleared the steps, and were speeding down the avenue after the negroes, their long ringlets streaming behind them on the breeze.

Youth, and joy, and hope, give wings to their possessors, and the sisters flew rather than ran; so that in a few moments they were clasped in their brother's arms. While this scene was enacting, the negroes stood respectfully aside, and then burst forth again the congratulations and thanksgivings, which had been for a moment interrupted. Such a bowing and courtesying; such ejaculations and kissings of the young master's hand! "Welcome home, my massa!" "God bless de boy! how he is grow!" "Tank de farrar (the father,) I live for see um once more!" "Ki! he tall, same like old massa!"—these and similar exclamations resounded from side to side. And presently up trotted little Neddie, completely out of breath, yet retaining sufficient self-command to stretch out his arms, and hold up his rosy mouth for a kiss, which was heartily given by the delighted Frank, over and over again.

All this while, there stood leaning against a tree a tall, dark-eyed stranger, whom no one had till this moment noticed, and whom Frank had been entirely too much occupied to introduce. He was Frank's college friend, and at his earnest request had accompanied him home. With an apology for his apparent rudeness, Frank now introduced him as his particular friend, Mr. Charles Graham. The sisters had frequently heard his name before, for there were few of Frank's letters in which he did not figure. Emily and Lizzie frankly shook

his hand, and at once expressed themselves delighted to see him; and the more so, as the pleasure was totally unexpected. All greetings and introductions being now for the present over, the whole party proceeded towards the house, followed by the negroes, two of whom led the young men's horses. Frank strode along with somewhat impatient steps, for he was yet to meet his father and mother.

And his *mommer*, where was she?—She who had nursed him in infancy—who had taken him from his mother when only two weeks old, and sustained and nourished him from the fountain of her own breast, while that mother lay for months at the very gates of death? Sure enough, where *was* she? she was not far off; but alas, poor creature! she was suffering from a disease of the eyes, which had so impaired her sight, that she could not go about as briskly as she used to, and was obliged to content herself with a more tardy welcome of her boy, as she fondly called him. She now stood leaning against the fence, and as Lizzie, who in her eagerness to convey to her invalid mother the glad tidings of her brother's arrival, had run on somewhat in advance of the rest—passed by the old nurse, she called out to her, "Miss Lizzie, where's Mass Frank?" "See him yonder, mommer," said Lizzie; "now mind, you musn't *kiss* him before that strange gentleman;" and then as if struck with a sudden thought, the frolicsome girl turned suddenly, and ran back to her brother, the old nurse calling after her, "Oh, go 'long Miss Lizzie, you love to plague people."

"Where is mommer?" inquired Frank, as Lizzie ran towards him.

"There she is," said Lizzie, "waiting for you to go and kiss her." A quiet laugh was all the reply he made, but springing to the spot where his mommer stood, he stretched out both his hands to greet her. The affectionate old creature said not a word, but eagerly taking his hands, carried first one, and then the other to her lips; then bending down her head, she dropped a long low courtesy, kissed his hands again repeatedly, and ended her impressive greeting, by raising her tearful eyes to heaven, and uttering a fervent "Bless de Lord!"

Dr. Jones was now seen descending the steps to meet his boy, and after that was over, came the meeting of the mother with her first-born son, upon the sacred privacy of which we care not to intrude. But now, all greetings over, Frank began to look about him, and to ask the thousand questions which naturally spring to the lips of those who have returned home after a long absence. Friends, neighbors, horses, dogs, and pets of all descriptions, came in for a share of his friendly notice; the stranger, meanwhile, looking about him, and listening to the artless conversa-

tion of the family with an air of interest and gratification.

It was not cold, though it was the 24th of December, but the fire was blazing cheerfully in the capacious chimney. "Oh, that *glorious* lightwood fire!" exclaimed Frank, "I have not seen such a cheerful blaze since I left home two years ago. What say you, Charles?" continued he, turning to his friend, "your famous anthracite may be *hotter*, but lightwood is more cheerful—more inspiring."

"It makes a beautiful fire certainly," replied Mr. Graham; "but," continued he, "you must not expect me to turn traitor to my Yankee home: let us make no comparisons, Frank."

"No unkind ones," said Frank gaily; and there the matter dropped.

The evening was spent delightfully, of course; first came the bountiful supper; then Frank opened his trunks, and brought out the presents he had selected in New York. Among these was a superb fan, something, indeed quite rich and recherché. "And who is this for?" said Lizzie, when all the other presents had been disposed of, and that was left alone. "That," said Frank, slightly coloring, "is for my little playmate, Harriet Banks; and by the way, Lizzie, why did you not have her here to meet me?"

"Your little playmate!" exclaimed Lizzie, "why Hatty has become a woman since you saw her; you had better mind how you behave to her, or you may get your ears pulled before you know it, and may be have to fight half a dozen duels into the bargain."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled Frank; "never mind, I'm not afraid of her; and Charles, if you say so, we'll ride over there to-morrow, and wish her a merry Christmas."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Graham.

"You had better not venture, Mr. Graham," said Emily, "for you will have to cross a tedious swamp, which at present is more full of water than usual. Indeed, sometimes it is nearly dry, but now I believe it is almost impassable."

"Impassable?" exclaimed Frank, "fy! Emily, fy! A swamp girl as you are, to call any swamp impassable!"

"But in addition to that, Mr. Graham," exclaimed Lizzie, somewhat hastily, and with an arch smile, "the ghost of a murdered man wanders there at all times, but is particularly restless about Christmas—for it was at that time he was murdered. He often shows himself to those adventurous persons who dare to disturb his resting place."

"But we are going in the day time, Lizzie," said her brother, "and respectable, *bona fide* ghosts never show themselves by day-light."

"At all events," said Mr. Graham, "I think we

had better go; I for one would be delighted to see a Carolina ghost; then when I return home I will certainly go ghost-hunting, that I may compare our Yankee ghosts with your southern ones. Will not the young ladies accompany us?"

"Not to-morrow," replied Lizzie, "we always spend Christmas at home since our mother has been an invalid; but we will give you an early dinner, and you will have ample time to pay your visit, and get home before dark."

"Then perhaps we shall pass the fearful spot before his ghostship shall be stirring, and I shall miss the chance of seeing him," said Mr. Graham.

"Oh, we can ride out at midnight, for the express purpose," said Frank, "it is not more than a mile and a half from here."

While this conversation was going on, Anthony, a little negro boy, who belonged especially to Master Frank, stood just behind his chair, with eyes, mouth, and ears wide open, drinking in eagerly every word about the ghost, and feeling very much concerned and terror stricken. At length he could keep silence no longer, but exclaimed: "Mass Frank, is *me* gwine wid you? Kase I *fraid* dah sperrit!"

"You booby, you!" said Frank, "do you think the sperrit, as you call it, is going to take any notice of home people when we have a stranger with us? why, it has better manners than that; besides, you can't see sperrits in the daytime, and we'll get home from Mr. Banks' before dark."

Anthony was a little re-assured, but still felt somewhat uncomfortable; however, he wisely said no more about it. Bedtime had now arrived, and the company parted for the night, some to sleep the sound and healthful sleep of youth and innocence, and some to dream of murders, impassable swamps, and ghosts. Before daylight the next morning, every soul in the house was aroused by the loud voices and boisterous mirth of the negroes, who came swarming in like bees; house-servants, field-hands, old and young, great and small, to awaken every slumberer, in order to 'catch' them. He who, on Christmas morning, first cries "Merry Christmas!" to another, has 'caught' him; and this catching is usually followed by a present of some description from the catchee to the catcher. All this amused Mr. Graham exceedingly, and he proposed to Frank to call some of them in, that he might hear them talk; for he protested he had never heard anything half so comical in his life. 'Old Tom,' was accordingly summoned to the bedroom of the young gentlemen. He was a field-hand, but had been in the family from time immemorial, and was therefore, by right of seniority, a sort of privileged character.

He came in making a succession of most elaborate bows, and on being formally introduced to Mr. Graham, nothing could exceed his politeness.

"Merry Christmas to you, massa!" he exclaimed, "Long life and crossperity!"

"Well, old Tom," said Frank, "how does the world go with you now? How does that boy of yours come on?"

"Oh, he come on middling, massa; he no good for much, but I lick um heap, an' I spec' I mek um good for someting one of dese days; de Lord knows I had for lick um heap, massa; I lick um no longer an las' night."

"You did!" said Frank, "what for?"

"Somebody bin gib um one letter for gib to massa, and he bin loss um; so I lick um for he *kayless*; (carelessness,) and den when he sway he no bin loss um, I lick um for de *lie* he tell!"

"But he's a big boy, old Tom," said Frank, "I wonder he lets you whip him."

"Big boy for true," answered Tom, "but I lick um for all dat; big boy for true; enty he married? he! he! he!"

"Married!" exclaimed Frank, "you do n't say so; do tell me all about it?"

"Why, you see, Mass Frank," said Tom, putting on a most mysterious air, and rolling up his sleeves by way of preparation for an important communication, "he bin axe me one night for let um go to Jane nigga-house; and I tell um yes, he kin go. Well, you see, I bin mistruss he bin guine for pay he tention to Jane dahter Sally, so I follow um sof'ly, for see what he bin arter. Well, Mass Frank, by de libin' jingo! *I bin tink true*. He gone in de nigga-house, an', as de Lord would hab it, dey was Sally sitting down all by heself, bilin homny. Well, de boy go in, an' he sit eber so long eyein' Sally, but he no say nuttin. He kep so long for 'spress he min', dat I was jis' guine way 'bout my bisness, when I hear um speak. Den I tek my eye way from de hole, and put my ear to um. Well, he begin, "Sally, I come for tell you someting bin weighin' pon my min' for some time; but I sway, Sally, I no know how for tell you." Den Sally, she laugh, and say: "You want for axe me for hab you, enty?" "Dat's it, dat's de bery ting," de boy say; "granny! how de nigga bin know what I come for?" "Lord!" Sally say, "ent' you tink I kin see de flash ob you eye when you look at me?" Den dey no bin say nuttin for long time. At last, Sally say: "Well, what you hab for say, Mingo?" "I cla', pon my soul," Mingo say, "I no know how for talk um." "Well, I kin tell you, Mingo," Sally say; "you jis say. 'Does you lub me well nuf for hab me?'" Den de boy say um right strait arter um, "Does you lub me well nuf for hab me?" "Yes," Sally say; "yes, sir: I teuk you." Den de boy kiss um, and kum right way, an I hab for hide behin' de pig-pen till he pass by."

"Well, that was certainly a droll courtship,

Tom," said Frank, "and we're much obliged to you for telling it; it may be of service to us some day or other." As for poor Mr. Graham, he nearly laughed himself into convulsions during the recital.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER an early dinner, the two friends started on horseback to pay their projected visit to Harriet Banks. Anthony followed on a mule. They came to the swamp, and found it, as Emily had forewarned them, quite full of water; but what was that to young, adventurous spirits, full of hope and excitement? Mr. Graham, it is quite true, more unaccustomed than Frank and Anthony to such adventures, looked sometimes a little alarmed, and held up his feet rather higher than was necessary to keep them out of the water; but, considering his inexperience, he maintained his equanimity remarkably well. By-and-by they approached the vicinage of the so much-dreaded ghost. It was, it must really be confessed, a fearful, mysterious-looking spot. Completely overgrown with mammoth cypress trees, their gnarled and knotted trunks obstructing the road in every direction, it seemed precisely the spot to suggest to the excited imagination deeds of darkness and circumstances of horror. Anthony pressed closer and closer to his master, set his teeth together, and scarcely dared to breathe, lest he should by some mysterious magic, conjure up the spirit of the murdered man! Being a light mulatto, it was easy to perceive by his unwonted paleness that he was frightened nearly out of his wits; and if at any moment the ghost had chosen to make his appearance, he would have had nothing to fear from Anthony's skepticism. But his ghostship was discreet enough not to appear by daylight, and consequently they passed the dreadful spot without let or hindrance of any kind.

Harriet Banks was delighted at seeing her old friend and playmate, while a rosier blush than often visited her cheek, made her look still more brilliant than usual; and she was at all times an uncommonly pretty girl. Frank scolded her in good round terms for not being at his father's house to welcome him, and though she did not appear at all vexed or grieved at being thus soundly scolded, the flush upon her cheeks was evidently deepened. After an hour or two spent in pleasant conversation, in recalling by-gone days, and recounting many a youthful adventure, Harriet caught up her gingham sun-bonnet, and invited the gentlemen to a stroll over the grounds, a proposal to which they joyfully assented. They wandered hither and thither, forgetful of the lapse of time; and finally, as they found themselves in the neighborhood of the negro houses, and heard the scraping of a fiddle—or, I beg pardon, a violin—they

went in to see the negroes dance. Double-shuffle, pigeon-wing, the apron dance, were all executed after the most approved negro fashion, each dancer entering into the amusement with his whole heart and soul. Here they found Anthony, who, notwithstanding his exquisite enjoyment of the dance, could not divest himself of a certain degree of apprehension when he thought of the swamp and its mysterious occupant!

The instant he saw his master, he came towards him, and inquired if he did not think it was time to get the horses. "It gittin' dark, massa," said he, "and de swamp mighty deep." "And the ghost," said his master, with a wicked smile, "the ghost, you know, Anthony!" Anthony looked on the ground with a very serious air.

"We had better wait awhile," said Mr. Graham, "I am anxious to see the ghost, and therefore the later we go the better!" Anthony instantly raised his head and cast glances of horror first at Mr. Graham, and then at his master, upon whose face his large black eyes finally rested with a most imploring expression. Frank's heart could not resist so mute and touching an appeal, and he accordingly told Anthony that he might get the horses, and taking out his watch at the same time, he found, to his surprise, that it was much later than he supposed. As they emerged from the negro-house, they perceived also that a heavy storm was rising, which hurried them so much the more.

But the fates were against them; Frank's horse had got away, and it was some time before he could be caught, and when finally they were all ready, it was, what with the heavy clouds which had gathered in the west, and the real lateness of the hour, so dark, that Anthony was almost in despair. Mr. Banks and Harriet did their best to prevail upon the young men to stay all night where they were; but to this arrangement Frank would by no means consent, knowing that his mother would expect him home, and might, in her feeble state of health, suffer seriously by his non-appearance. Accordingly they bade Mr. Banks and Harriet an affectionate adieu, and started gaily off, putting their horses immediately into a brisk canter.

They had five miles to ride before reaching the swamp, and it was growing darker every moment. It was evident too, that they could not escape the storm which was rapidly approaching, and which threatened to prove one of those winter thunderstorms which sometimes happen in southern latitudes, and which seem so fearful because they are rare and unseasonable. Onward they rode, pushing their horses to the utmost, but when they entered the swamp, overgrown as it was with trees and interlacing vines, it was really so dark that they could scarcely discern an object three yards before them. Now and then a sudden flash of

lightning brightened for an instant their homeward way, but this, of course, only rendered the succeeding darkness more deep and fearful. Frank, however, continued for some time to converse in a merry tone, and occasionally burst forth into a lively song, which awoke the distant echoes, startling also from their resting places the lazy screech-owls, and causing them to flap their wings, and fly to a little distance, uttering their hideous screams.

The whole party, not even excepting Frank, grew gradually more and more silent, until at length nothing could be heard save the melancholy splashing of the water as the horses slowly picked their way, rendered difficult and dangerous by the cypress stumps which lay in every direction. Anthony said nothing, for he was nearly paralyzed by fear. Occasionally, when, from an unusually long cessation of the lightning, he had quite lost sight of his master, he would, indeed, muster courage to call out, "Where you, massa?" but when Frank would answer, in a cheerful tone, "Here we are; come on, Anthony!" he would again relapse into silence.

They were now approaching the fearful neighborhood of the ghost! And hark! what sound was that? Could it be a *groan*? Hark! again! and yet again! Anthony was near expiring; and even Frank and Mr. Graham began to feel a little odd. And now they heard a shriek, a dreadful shriek, which rung wildly through the woods; but it came from no ghost. It was plainly the terrified Anthony who had thus given voice to his long-pent horror. What was to be done? Frank called, and called again, but received no answer; and he at length began seriously to fear that the poor boy had been spirited away to keep company with the ghost of the swamp!

The two gentlemen turned their horses and rode back a few steps, and there they found poor Anthony, still sitting erect upon his mule, while a long and brilliant play of the lightning showed them that he was pale, rigid and almost insensible. Ever and anon they heard faint and smothered moans, which seemed to proceed from an undergrowth of brushwood, a few yards upon one side of them, and, as well as Frank could judge, that was precisely the spot where the murder had been committed. Was it strange that even Frank should feel as he had never felt before in his whole life? Was it strange that he grew cold, that his teeth chattered, and that large drops of perspiration trickled down from his manly forehead? Mr. Graham, too, the skeptical Mr. Graham, he who was so anxious to see a ghost, how strange that he should tremble! and, if the truth must be told, grow pale as a fainting lady, and nearly totter from his horse!

Frank was the first to rouse himself from the sort of nightmare into which they seemed all to

have fallen. Laying his hand on Anthony's shoulder, he shook him roughly, and called his name in an authoritative tone. Anthony, thus roused, answered immediately, but did not move his eyes from the spot upon which they had all along been fastened; yet, slowly raising his finger he pointed in the direction whence the strange moans were heard, and distinctly whispered, "Dere he is, sir, dere he is!" Frank gazed steadily through the darkness, and the next gleam of lightning enabled him to see what seemed a tall, white, spectral figure, standing motionless, and with extended arms. Frank's courage nearly failed him; but once more he rallied, and collecting all his energy he turned his horse and urged him towards the figure. The animal reared and

plunged, but Frank had almost spent his life on horseback, and was not easily to be thrown.

At length, though with much difficulty, he reached the spot, and soon his loud, merry laugh reached the ears of his companions. "Hallo, Frank!" cried Mr. Graham, "have you caught him?" Frank's only reply was another laugh, still longer and louder. At length the secret was explained! The tall, white, spectral figure was the trunk of a dying *pine*, denuded of its bark; and the groans proceeded from a poor old *nanny-goat*, which had been lost in the swamp, and having been for some time up to her neck in the water, was very nearly dead, and was uttering at intervals its low and plaintive "ba-a—ba-a—ba-a!"

THE LITTLE BIRD THAT TOLD THE SECRET.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

"So I've heard your secret, Mabel,
I've heard it, my little maid,
And you're going to do a silly thing,
I am very much afraid.

"You're going to marry the miller,
And live beside the mill!
But the miller, they say, is an idle man,
And often his wheel stands still.

"And they say he is growing careless,
And spends the live-long day
In gazing over the shining stream
At a cottage across the way.

"And they say he is wild and wilful,—
So prithee, my Mabel, dear,
Do n't give your hand to the miller,
If all is true that I hear."

"Who says he is idle, Bessie?
And wild and wilful, too?
If ever it come to the miller's ears,
They may find it cause to rue.

"And who told you this mighty secret?
You need not think 't is so;—
A body may walk with a quiet man,
Yet never to church may go.

"I should like to see the lassie
Who told you the silly jest—
As if I would part with my freedom
For a ring and a wedding vest."

"You need not deny it, Mabel,
'T was a little bird who came,—
But now with the wondrous story,
And told unto me the same.

"I marked the gleam of his crimson breast
As he flitted across your cheek,
And the rapid flash of his darting wing,
In your eye, when you did speak."

"You're dreaming, Bessie, you're dreaming,
No talking birds have we;
And I would not whisper the matter,
I'm sure, TO A BIRD ON THE TREE;

"And never a wing came flitting
Across my cheek or eye—
So, Bessie, you *must* be dreaming,
With all this mystery."

"Ah! Mabel; you may dissemble,
With duller folks, I ween,
But you cannot still the music
Of the little bird I mean.

"He hath his nest in your gentle breast,
And a tell-tale bird is he,
For I marked the flush of his crimson coat
On your cheek, too easily.

"And when I told you the miller
Was a wild and wilful man,
The bird flew out at your flashing eye
As only a fairy can.

"And I knew, by your hasty speaking,
In such an earnest way,
That you cared for the honest miller,
Much more than you choose to say.

"So what I but guessed, my Mabel,
The bird hath told at will,
That you're going to marry the miller,
And live beside the mill."

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

(See the Engraving.)

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"SISTER, let me take away this ring!"

The speaker was a young girl, that might have seen sixteen summers. Her companion appeared about three years older, and sat leaning her arm on the table near the window, in an attitude of dejection that ill accorded with her gay attire. Her dress was of white satin, and fell in graceful folds from her slender waist. Her beautiful arms were bare; and the pearls on her neck and in her hair, as well as the sprig of orange blossom that gleamed in its dark folds—the appropriate ornaments of a bride—showed that she "wore her bridal robe;" while the cheek that "rivalled its whiteness" as plainly betrayed that she was awaiting no joyous event. Her guitar and fan thrown carelessly aside, were in keeping with her air of sadness and abandonment, in which the younger sister appeared to sympathize.

"Let me take this!" again pleaded the soft low voice of the young girl.

"No, Juliet, I cannot part with *that*!" replied the other, in a voice full of melancholy tenderness.

"But, Margaret," persisted Juliet, "it is not right that you should wear the token—now!"

"I will not part with it."

"He is utterly unworthy of your remembrance."

"I know that, Juliet; but I cannot help loving him; no—not him—but the image in my heart—such as I once thought him. The ring he gave me was a pledge of feelings I can never more cherish; and I will keep it. Oh, if he had not deceived me—deceived us all—I would have sooner died than given my hand to another."

Juliet kneeled down beside her sister, clasping one hand in hers, while the other arm encircled her waist. Her drooping face expressed the sympathy she felt.

"But it is all over now," pursued Margaret, with a sigh, and wiping away the tears that had gathered in her eyes. "I will try not to think so much of what is past. Indeed, I ought to be resigned; for Mr. Berneau is very kind, and my father has so earnestly wished the match! One person, at least, will be made happy."

"And more than one might be!" said a stern voice, as an elderly lady entered, having heard, apparently, the foregoing conversation. "Yes,

we might all be happy. Is it possible you are still weak enough to be grieving after that——"

"Hush, mother!" implored Juliet, looking up anxiously.

"Margaret!" said the lady, regarding her daughter with asperity, "this sullen behaviour is more than unbecoming and foolish; it is wicked! Remember, you are to be married to-night."

"I do," responded the young girl, with a slight shudder.

"Mr. Berneau is your father's choice and mine. He is worthy of you. Meet him as a bride should—you have consented—it is too late to recede—your conduct will but lose you the affection and esteem of your husband, who must feel insulted by it."

The tone of extreme severity had its effect. The bride rose from her seat, and tried to smile as she received the little box containing her lover's bridal present. It was a superb necklace of diamonds. Juliet busied herself in arranging bouquets from the flowers that covered a table on one side of the apartment.

It is time to give the reader some clue to our little tale.

Margaret Leslie was the daughter of a planter in one of the districts of South Carolina. Beautiful and accomplished, as many young ladies are who pass nearly their whole lives in the country, she had numerous admirers; but her heart was given only to Edward Carlton. This young gentleman had just completed his law studies in New-York, and was on a tour through the Southern States, when he met Mr. Leslie and his family in Charleston. An invitation to spend some weeks at the country seat of the hospitable planter, was gladly accepted, and it was not long before his amiable manners, intelligence and entertaining qualities, won the favor of the master and mistress of the mansion, while the impression upon the heart of the fair Margaret was still deeper. How could it be otherwise, when she had never met one who in grace and refinement, as well as in varied acquirements, could compare with Mr. Carlton? He took an interest in all her studies, and enjoyed her amusements; drew with her, sang with her, and rode with her. That exhilarating exercise, in

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which southern country girls excel ; how delightful it was, in the bright winter mornings, while Juliet, with some chance beau in attendance, lingered a little behind—and they chatted gaily as they rode. Or the long, lonely walks in the brown woods, or the sail on the river, or the quiet morning at home, or the evening enlivened by music and dancing, and social converse ! It was not to be wondered at, that, the evening before the day on which Edward Carlton was to take his departure, he requested an interview with Mr. Leslie, and asked his daughter of him ; nor that Margaret blushed and smiled when he joyfully announced that he had obtained her parents' consent.

Carlton resolved to return North immediately, and commence the practice of law, for which, from his position and family connections, he enjoyed unusual advantages. He hoped in a few months to be able to return and claim his bride. There was some sadness at the thought of parting with Margaret ; but the visits of the family to the North every summer would bring them together ; and Edward had promised that as often as possible, his young wife should spend her Christmas at ' Woodlawn.' Then the youthful pair were so happy in each other, and so well suited in tastes and dispositions ! There seemed nothing to darken the prospect. The letters of Carlton were frequent, and filled with glowing accounts of success, even beyond his most sanguine anticipations.

Some time passed, and the family were beginning to talk of a visit from their cherished friend, when his letters suddenly ceased. The Leslies had just returned from their annual excursion to Charleston during the season of the races, where Margaret had mingled much in fashionable society, and had received the attention due to a belle and a reputed heiress. Juliet, too, had made her first entrance into gay life. They had returned home weary—as they said—of dissipation. Margaret was enchanted to have her music and drawing again, and her long rides on horseback. But these soon lost their charm. Anxiety and disappointed hope, the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick" banished the rose from her cheek and the smile from her lip, while two weary months passed on, bringing no tidings of Carlton.

Tidings at last came. A package was sent them by a friend, containing several newspapers, with the intelligence that a number of forgeries had been detected, committed by one Edward Carlton, who, having eluded the pursuit of justice, had escaped in a vessel bound for France. The description of his person, the locality and circumstances, left little doubt on their minds ; and even this was removed by a letter from a person who was well acquainted with Edward Carlton, and knew of his engagement. Some of Margaret's letters, which he said were found in

Carlton's lodgings after his hasty flight from justice, were enclosed to Mr. Leslie.

The blow, sudden as it was, was a dreadful one to poor Margaret ; but youth and a strong heart will resist much. Where the sting of disgrace, too, is felt, the struggles of the proud spirit, terrible as they are, have a power to triumph over despair itself. Mrs. Leslie was a woman of haughty temper, and a quick sense of honor ; she prided herself, moreover, on what she called the aristocratic blood of her family ; and under her schooling the gentle Margaret soon learned to hide the anguish that was gnawing at her heart. Carlton's name was mentioned no more, and a perpetual round of company and social amusements, devised by the sagacious mother, ere long restored the fire to her daughter's eyes, and the bloom to her cheek. It was not till after she had yielded to the earnest wishes of her parents, and plighted her troth to another, that she felt how irretrievable was the wreck of her happiness.

Mr. Berneau was a gentleman of French family, but had lived, as he said, in America since his childhood. He was supposed rich, and brought letters of recommendation to Mr. Leslie, whom he first met in the city.

* * * * *

The preparations for the wedding were completed ; the guests were assembled in the spacious drawing-room, which was lighted up and decorated with garlands and wreaths of roses ; the splendid supper-table was laid, and shone with rich plate ; and at the doors and windows might be seen rows of black faces glistening with interest and curiosity ; while the piazza was crowded with negroes who had come up from the plantation to see their young mistress married. The bride had put on the snowy veil that floated like a cloud over her figure, and was seated in her room awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom. But he came not, though the great clock in the hall already pointed to the hour fixed. Another hour—and yet another—rolled away. The guests were gathered into groups, talking to each other in ominous whispers. The bride stood at the window of her apartment, through which the moonlight poured, gazing listlessly upon the shrubbery and flowers that looked so beautiful in the silvery light ; while Juliet, pale with anxious apprehension, was at her side.

The roll of a carriage was heard coming up the avenue. It stopped before the door. There was a bustle, and strange voices were audible in the hall. Juliet, trembling violently, clung to her sister, while the bride's maids ran to the top of the stairway to see what had happened. A few moments after, Mrs. Leslie entered, evidently highly excited, and ordered the doors to be closed. It was

in vain ; before the order could be obeyed they were forced open, and a stranger rushed in. A wild shriek burst from the lips of Margaret ; she recognized in the pale and emaciated countenance, the features of Edward Carlton. Starting forward at the first impulse to meet him, she recoiled suddenly, and fell fainting into the arms of her mother.

A brief explanation will be all the reader requires. The young man who had committed forgery and fled, though bearing the same name, and even some resemblance in personal appearance, was a very different person from the Edward Carlton who was betrothed to Miss Leslie. He had been long prostrated with one of those terrible typhoid fevers, which leave the body and mind for months so debilitated that the subject is incapable of action. Unable himself to write to Margaret, he had, as soon as consciousness was restored, entreated a friend to perform the duty for him. That friend was no other than Mr. Berneau ! Edward had met him in different circles, where he was received as a gentleman ; was pleased with his bearing, and hesitated not, when Mr. Berneau announced his intention of visiting the South, to invite him to accompany him, as soon as he should be able to travel.

Not a few will remember the sensation pro-

duced in certain polished circles, when it was discovered that the accomplished Mr. Berneau, the reputed possessor of wealth, had been in the habit of plundering those who admitted him to their houses on intimate terms, of large sums of money. Carlton had suffered with the rest ; and the letters of Miss Leslie, of which such base use was afterwards made, were also purloined from his desk.

The moment he was able to bear the fatigue, Carlton set out on his journey southward. But it was not till his arrival in Charleston that he discovered the fearful extent of Berneau's villany ; that he learned how his own name had been branded, and his affianced bride deceived into renouncing him, and won to pledge herself to the wretch whose deep-laid arts had imposed on Mr. Leslie as on others.

Edward's pursuit of the felon was in vain ; he fled as soon as he became aware that his real character was exposed, and was never heard of afterwards. But it was ample consolation to the injured lover to find that Margaret was still true to him in heart. Her parents, when convinced of the truth, were anxious to repair their involuntary injustice ; and it was not very long before a wedding was celebrated in the mansion at 'Woodlawns,' where the lovely Margaret did not figure as the *Unwilling Bride*.

WATCHING ANGELS.

BY LAURA A. WALKER.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."

Yes, spirits are around us,
With pure and holy spell,
And thousand forms angelic,
Above our pathways dwell.

They come to us at evening,
And with the fading light—
They on the blue arch pencil
Sketches of coming night.

They hover near at midnight,
And from the dream-lands bring
A thousand visioned beauties
Upon each love-plumed wing.

They bend o'er us at morning,
And kiss away the charm
The slumber-king hath woven
Amid night's holy calm.

On airy wings they bear us
To other spheres away,
While round their rosy pinions
Unfading glories play.

And oh ! 't is sweet to know them
Untwisting 'neath our tread,
With soft and gentle fingers,
Life's many-knotted thread.

And they, our viewless watchers,
The missioned ones of Him
Who lit our being's taper,—
When it is burning dim,

Shall bear its changing brightness
Up to its source above,
To glow with purer radiance
In atmospheres of love.

Western Sketches.—No. 4.

THE COUNTRY FUNERAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is perhaps no occasion on which the rougher sort of people appear to better advantage than in circumstances of illness and death in the neighborhood. Misfortunes of a different kind occurring among their friends do not always awaken the sympathy we should expect, perhaps because there is some truth in Rochefoucault's famous maxim, that there is something in the misfortunes of others which is not disagreeable to us; and the untaught do not conceal this infirmity as cunningly as we do. Pecuniary misfortunes are pitied by a curious scale of estimates. If a man is cheated out of his farm, so that he is obliged to 'pull up stakes' and go off to Wisconsin or elsewhere, very little commiseration is felt for him. It passes as one scene in the great drama of life; a crook which may come in any man's lot; a new and therefore not entirely undesirable experience; an opportunity of seeing the world; an excuse for 'going West,' an ever-present dream with all Western people. If heavy rains destroy the harvest, when all has promised golden abundance, the misfortune is shared so widely that it is borne without special complaint, since misery not only loves company but is consoled by it. If the miller's dam break away, so that it requires all the men in the neighborhood to build it up again, it is not in human nature to expect any great sympathy, for who is sorry for a good 'job'?

But let a fox come in and eat up a brood of young geese, or a weasel suck a whole nest of promising eggs; let the rats make havoc in the pile of rolls from the carding-mill, or the best cow get too much clover, and the talk of the whole neighborhood will run on nothing else until some new accident happens. Perhaps it will be said that it is because these misfortunes fall within the female province that words are lavished about them. As to that, we cannot say. But it is certain that they seem to make more impression on the general mind.

For all that touches health or life, however, there is an ever-ready, warm, overflowing and active sympathy, which education and refinement could hardly improve, even if education and refinement were always free from certain haunting influences which sometimes mar their inherent

beneficence. Delicacy, taste, disinterestedness, tenderness, may be lacking at other times among the uninstructed; when the hand of God touches 'the bone and the flesh' of any member of the community, all these things come, by a beautiful instinct, just in proportion as they are needed. There is even a sort of awe of the sick, and this among people whose organ of reverence is usually anything but morbidly sensitive. They gaze upon the sufferer reflectingly, and as he perceptibly nears the borders of the dark valley, this awe is deepened, until it seems as if the outskirts of that world upon which clouds and darkness rest, cast a shadow on the faces of the attendants around the sick bed. And this reverential or awe-stricken feeling is not to be ascribed to a mere fear of death; for *this*, strange to say, is not a trait among such people, probably because their imaginations are unawakened. It is a sense of spiritual reality; a bringing home of the assurances of the pulpit; an effort to contemplate the unknown, which seems brought within ken by a connecting link in the person of the dying. At least such is the appearance. Although not untinged by superstition, it is a truly religious awe.

But in cases which are far from being extreme, or even dangerous, a high degree of sympathy is felt, and the most active, ingenious and self-sacrificing kindness exhibited. The remedies prescribed and offered might excite a smile, to be sure; but we will not touch upon them now. In seasons of general or prevalent disease, it not unfrequently occurs that a whole neighborhood will be so worn out with night-watching that there is not one left who is well enough for this most onerous service. In that case, what riding and driving is there, to fetch unexhausted nurses from more fortunate parts of the country! No labor or sacrifice is thought too great for this end, since vigils are a part of the religion of country people. When the most luxurious citizen would not think it necessary to have one sitting up to be ready *in case* he should wake and wish a drink, the backwoodsman would think himself ill-used if he had not one or two 'watchers,' for whom a regular meal is always set, and who often have nothing to do but see the sick man sleep all night. It is not

this injudicious zeal which we recommend as an example.

When death enters a family, however, the sensation is felt throughout a whole wide neighborhood. No business goes on as usual. Every voice is softened; every countenance saddened. Arrangements are made to put by business as much as possible, that there may be leisure to assist in the last duties. These last duties are not simplified by the intervention of professional people as they are in older settlements. Everything has to be considered, planned and provided for, by the neighbors and friends, at no little cost of time and trouble. It is often necessary to send several miles to obtain suitable material for the coffin, as this is a point of much interest; and it would be considered highly disrespectful and unkind to the bereaved to neglect such a mark of respect. The other offices necessary at such times are all performed in the same spirit, and all in the most quiet and delicate manner, without a question asked of the mourning family, if it be possible to avoid this. The house is prepared for the funeral, conveyances provided, distant friends summoned; all, in short, is done, with what seems an instinct of goodness. The coarse man of yesterday, is to-day a gentle brother, full of untaught but most touching refinement. The neighborhood gossip, whose visits have been a terror, is transformed to an active, useful, quiet friend; stepping about on tip-toe, and refusing no office, however unpleasant, which can aid the general purpose. Some good soul, whose personal services are not needed in the house, will, without a word, take the children to her own home, and devote herself to them; while another will occupy herself in preparing nice things in the way of food, that there may be wherewithal to entertain the numerous family of assistants and guests usually congregated on such occasions, without unpleasant bustle in the house of affliction.

The last ceremonies are very similar everywhere. The universal heart speaks out in sympathy with the bereaved, who are about to commit their loved ones to the earth, even in the most artificial society, where every other feeling seems moulded, if not chilled, by fashion. True, gushing tears and melting hearts, attest the great brotherhood of humanity, even in circles from which the thought of death seems habitually shut out. In the country this is prolonged by prayers and hymns, and sometimes by the very protracted preaching of the clergyman—a painful practice, since emotion is necessarily exhausting, and there is a sort of blank which occurs after it has subsided, unfavorable to the tender associations that called it forth.

The public leave-taking customary in the country is an exception to the general good taste and delicacy which prevails on these occasions.

Nothing can be imagined more distressing for the friends, or more embarrassing to the spectators, than the custom of leading up every member of the family to take a last look at the beloved remains before they are forever removed from the light of day. How this could ever have been judged proper, is indeed a mystery.

The procession, consisting of all the wagons and carriages of the neighborhood, filled with whole families—since women, and even children are included—is always a most beautiful and interesting sight, as it winds slowly through the woods and dells, now crossing a rustic bridge, now passing the brow of a hill. Let the distance be ever so great, the same deferential pace is preserved and the assistants refrain religiously from conversation on different subjects. Death is with them not only a solemn but a sacred thing. Its presence hushes for the time all worldly thoughts, and brings eternity to view. Such should be its salutary influence everywhere. If we viewed it aright, would the rebellious heart so often ask, Why must it be?

The burial-ground in the new country is usually on a hill-side, enclosed with a rough fence, and encumbered often with stumps left from the original clearing. The graves are wholly unornamented, except here and there a bit of wooden railing, and rarely, a head and foot-stone. Generally two pieces of board supply the place of these; the name and age of the deceased being painted upon the larger one. Not unfrequently a bit of unpainted wood, with letters marked by some one who can scarce write, is all! No attempt at shrubbery, not even a solicitude for removing the rubbish which encumbers all newly-cleared lands. Grief has not yet sought the aid of Taste to soften its recollections. The idea of beautifying the cemetery is the slow result of civilization and refined thought. Superstition used to ask the shadow of the church, for its dead; and this accorded well with the practice of continued prayers for the parted soul. Our usage seems more simple, more in accordance with our religious belief; yet the other had a tender appeal in it, and commends itself to the feelings of all those who have suffered deeply. How inseparably is the idea of the Divine Omnipotence connected with our bereavements! How distinctly we feel in parting with our loved ones, that we are committing them to that faithful and just One, who is able to keep them for us, and to re-unite us with them. Of all the funeral hymns that have ever been written, perhaps none expresses the sentiment of the hushed but trembling heart of the mourner so well as that beautiful one:

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give the sacred relics room
To slumber in their kindred dust.”

"Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds;—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here
While angels watch the soft repose.

"So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed.
Rest here! blest saint! till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade."

At the grave there is generally a prayer and further exhortation; but usually after the coffin is lowered, and the earth partly replaced, the nearest relative of the deceased, or the clergyman at his request, thanks the company for their kindness and their reverent attendance, and so dis-

misses them—a custom which, primitive as it sounds in description, has yet a grace and beauty to the unprejudiced observer. It is especially appropriate where so many of the individuals present have given their attention, their personal services, their sighs and tears, from the beginning to the end of the sad period. To express a feeling of obligation in such a case is both natural and proper, and finishes tenderly what has been a matter of feeling throughout.

None can know without actual experience, the deep teachings of the most unpolished rustic life.

MY SISTER AT SEA.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

COLD the flood beneath thy pillow,
Sister on the rolling sea;
Yet, o'er every bounding billow
There, my heart goes out with thee.
Cloudless shines the starry heaven
Through the silent midnight air,
Whilst for thee my soul is given,
And for thine, to God in prayer.

MAY he keep thee safe from danger,
Till thou gain the stranger-land;
There to give thee, in the stranger,
Kindred heart and kindly hand.
May his angel fondly hover
Near thee, wheresoe'er thou roam,
Every ill to lift thee over,
Till he give thee back to home!

ROUND our old paternal dwelling
Here, 't is all a hush profound,
Save an infant zephyr swelling,
'T is to memory spirit-ground.
For their feet who long had paced it,
In the clods are laid away;
Kindred, who with us have traced it,
Of the spirit-world are they.

Yet, their spirits so could cherish
Us, until the mortal died—
Theirs was not a love to perish
When the dust was cast aside!
Nay! methinks they still are near us,
Thinly veiled from mortal view,
Joyful ministers, to bear us
Blessings ever pure and true.

Soft as moonlight on the lily
Shed from yon ethereal dome,
Here, around us, sweet and stilly,
Do their holy footsteps come.
Now, perhaps, they're bending over
Me at home, and thee at sea,
Could we but their forms discover,
Fair and glorious would they be.

Lo! through nature's mist appearing,
Comes, arrayed in light divine,
One, whose eye serene and cheering
Dries the rolling tear from mine.
Sister, oh! 't is she whose numbers
Lulled us to our cradle-sleep—
She who watched our infant slumbers!
Bends she o'er thee, on the deep!

WE of earth, and she of heaven,—
Is she not our mother still?
Love maternal ne'er was given
For the stroke of death to kill!
And if God, as guardian o'er us,
Keeps some careful angel near,
Who so like, as she who bore us,
Thus to be our watcher here?

Well thou know'st the fear and trembling—
Sleepless nights and care for thee,
She would suffer past dissembling,
Still of earth, wert thou at sea.
Love, that feared, from human weakness,
Vested now with angel power,
May descend, through angel meekness,
For us, in this midnight hour!



BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER,

Author of the "Recollections of China," "Nelly the Rag-Gatherer," "Richard Clinch the Miser," etc.

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle."—MACBETH.

ONCE upon a time,—'long time ago,'—before the era of railroads, which, nearly abolishing the old-fashioned, rumbling stage-coach, has rendered travelling to and from all sections of the Union, a mere passage like the honest Vicar of Wakefield's from 'the blue bed to the brown,' I found myself, at the close of a sultry summer's day rattling and jolting over a sinuous bed of rocks, *yclept* road, leading into a pleasant borough-town in Connecticut.

Our stage, painted a flaming red, with a gorgeous border of golden marigolds, and drawn by four frames covered with horse-skin, was undoubtedly supposed by the ingenious proprietor to possess *caoutchouc* properties, for in addition to the already eight well-sized, panting passengers of the noonday, two more were skilfully inserted. Many were the ups and downs, divers the bobbings and dodgings, the knocking of heads and jerking of elbows as the stage rattled on; as to feet, no one could certainly have the boldness to claim their own among the close-packed ten pairs of cow-hide, morocco, kid, and prunella casings, which covered the stage-floor 'thick as leaves in Vallambrosa;' so all we could do was to comfort ourselves with the hope that as we should severally emerge from our narrow prison-house, so also should we find our understandings. The day had been hot and sultry, and our driver, with a hissing red nose, drew up his lumbering vehicle every two or three miles, with the ostensible purpose of watering the jaded animals, never failing at the same time to pour down a comforting draught of something a little stronger, out of charity to himself; and the poor dumb creatures would drink, and drink so long, that I involuntary looked to see, if like the famed horse of Munchausen, they had not been sliced off midway. Good humor, however, prevailed, each one of the ten victims of cupidity striving to make the best of his or her situation—the only true method, by the way, of surmounting either the trials of a stage-coach, or those of the various stages of life.

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The sun was just setting as we suddenly spun round a corner on three wheels (did not upset though!), and the waters of Long Island Sound stretched before us in beautiful sublimity, each wave, under the farewell beams, seemingly crested with jewels flung up from ocean's bed. To the south were the woody shores of Fisher's Island, rising darkly against the clear horizon, while those little twin isles, the 'Dumplings,' seemed like two emeralds floating on the surface of the gorgeous western sea.

And now we came in view of the pretty borough, with its numerous wharves well-lined with shipping, its tasty dwellings, its churches and academy; while over the smooth waters of the harbor, many little fishing-boats and white-winged vessels were gliding.

And then so many rocks and immense boulders showing their venerable grey heads above the bright green herbage, or peering out decorated with moss and creepers from thickets of fruit and flowers! It was as if old Orpheus had suddenly broken his pipes, and left the rocks, drawn thither by his sweet strains, amid all the intricacies of a country dance, henceforth immovable—some languishingly inclining, some bolt upright, stiff and stern, some bowing over gracefully till their heads touched the ground, and others apparently just playfully skipping 'down outside' or 'up the middle!'

Upon a gentle eminence, fronting the harbor, stood a beautiful mansion—may blessings now and ever rest upon it—where I felt I was soon to receive a greeting so warm and cordial as makes the pulse quicken, the heart to leap with joy, and the eyes to fill with tears of affection and kindness. Even now how vividly those dear familiar faces rise up before me! Many long years have since flown, and some there are of that dear group who then gathered so lovingly around me, whom on this earth I can never more behold; yet to my heart *they are not dead*; still are they here beloved and cherished!

Some one has asked, 'What is a welcome without a supper?' I would not wish to say anything of a fine black fish, or of the delicate oyster-patties, which graced the tea-board, as offerings to a travellers' appetite, or of the delicious Mocha, lest—but no matter, only imagine me afterwards, dear reader, in the most delightful of all chambers, with its deep embayed windows, looking out upon the glorious sea, o'er which the moon, then in her zenith, shone down with resplendent beauty. A light wind just crisping the billows as with shattered pearls, with melancholy murmur the long seas broke upon the beach, and beautiful was the sight of the glittering spray touched by the moonbeams. Long after the last affectionate 'good night,' I remained looking out upon the enchanting scene, nor thought of reposing my weariness until the sound of the midnight clock broke upon the summer air.

With a restlessness the result of my very happiness, I now fixed my attention upon the odd yet very handsome patch-work quilt spread over the bed. Apparently without any regular design, it was formed of an infinite variety of calicoes, and gaily-flowered chintzes in large and small pieces—block-work, shell-work, squares, octagons, triangles, diamonds, stars, etc., yet the whole blending and uniting most harmoniously. Along with many other good old-fashions, patch-work bed-quilts have gone by, except as an employment for the school-girl or nursery-maid. Their *sacredness* is no more. In olden times a bed-quilt was a hallowed thing—prized as a memento of friends and relatives. Each small bit was invested with a charm, linked as it were to the heart, by association with the dear and revered. How acceptable then was even a small piece of the dress of one's friend to be added to this valued collection, which when completed was to descend a precious heirloom to future generations.

Such was the quilt of which I am now to speak. Although still bright and glowing, it had been in the family for many years, and having been the work of an aged and beloved relative now no more, it was held most sacred. A higher compliment then could not have been paid me than by removing the beautiful damask counterpane, and placing this family relic upon my bed.

For a long time I pleased myself in looking over the quilt, here and there detecting pieces the very counterpart of a similar one at home, the work of my own sainted mother. At length I extinguished the light, and was about sinking into a sweet slumber, when a strange low murmuring sound, and a slight tremulous movement, as if a troop of Queen Mab's most light-footed fairies were tripping over the bed, aroused me. The moon shining brightly into the chamber imparted to every object almost the vividness of daylight, and to my great

astonishment, I beheld each separate chintz and calico, forming the whole bed-quilt, endowed with speech and motion!

One square of bright crimson with large yellow and blue flowers appeared more agitated than any of the others; and to my ear there was a spice of bitterness in the tone, with which a black and green octagon, whose remarks I had lost, was answered.

"I beg your pardon mistress, and must appeal to all our friends here, if I have not the best right to speak first. I was a witness, I beg you to remember, of the battle of Bunker Hill—now which of you, I should like to know, can trace events farther back!"

There was considerable croaking in a far off corner, and a thin sickly voice from a pale yellow diamond said: "I came over from England many years before the Revolution, in the *train* of a lovely lady—Anna Borodaile, maid of honor to her royal highness Queen Caroline, the illustrious consort of his blessed majesty, George the Second."

"Tush! tush!" hastily interrupted the first speaker, "what do I care for queens—do n't talk about *queens*—did you ever see Mistress Martha Washington? But do n't interrupt me again, and I will tell you all what chanced to me on the morning of the memorable 17th of June, '75. I had but the day before graced the counter of the finest shop in the town of Boston."

"City, grand-ma'!" put in a little pink blossom.

"Tush! child, I say town—do n't tell me Boston is a *city*! Well, I was chosen for my great beauty and dazzling lustre—*hem!* (the crimson crinsoned deeper,) from among many others, and transported to the sitting room of the lady who had displayed her good sense and taste. Every one admired my freshness and beauty; praised my firmness and my polished air, and it gave me pleasure to learn that the next day I was to add my charms to the person of my lovely mistress. In the cradle slept a sweet babe, not more than six weeks old, and I could hardly tell which my fair lady the most admired, myself or her pretty infant. At length I was thrown into the cradle—my mistress sought her pillow, and with slumbering innocence nestling within my folds, I too soon forgot myself in sleep. But heavens, with what a horrible din were we aroused at break of day! Cannons were bellowing—the air was filled with the sharp rapid crack of musketry—drums were beating—bombs falling around, and exploding with deadly effect—men were seen tearing themselves from their shrieking wives and rushing to the battle-ground—horror and consternation hovering over all things! Yes, the battle on Breed's Hill was even then doing its glorious but deathly

work. My poor mistress sat weeping bitterly, for her husband, too, had joined the brave soldiers. There she sat, looking so pale and frightened, hugging her dear babe to her bosom, nor taking the least notice of me, although I strove in various ways to draw her attention by rustling from the cradle, and letting one fold after another of my gay flowers circle at her feet. But suddenly, above all the roar and din of battle, the terrible cry of "*Fire!*" arose. The British had fired the town! On it came, rushing like a whirlwind; the heavens seemed one vast canopy of lurid flames; roof after roof sank amid the crash of falling timbers, and still on, on it came, rushing in huge billows of fire! But not until the furious element had swept nearly to her own dwelling, did the unhappy wife think of flight; then hastily and tremulously wrapping the babe in my protecting folds, she pressed it to her bosom and fled rapidly in the track of many other weeping wives and children. All at once a rough voice was heard behind us, crying out:

"Stop, stop, my good woman, you've lost your child!"

"Poor, unhappy mother, how I pity her!" said my mistress, hugging her own the closer.

"Stop, stop, I tell you," exclaimed the same voice, "here is your baby—you've dropt it, why don't you stop!"

"Ah," cried my mistress again, as she hastened rapidly on, "thank God, my precious darling, I have *you* safe!"

It then suddenly occurred to her that she might perhaps have impeded its delicate breathing by too closely enwrapping it; so she paused a moment, and removed the covering from the face of the babe to give it air. Heavens, *the child was gone!* With a wild scream, such as I hope never to hear again, the almost frantic woman turned and saw her darling in the arms of a red-coated soldier who was running toward her. With outstretched arms she flew to recover her precious infant.

"Lord, ma'am, do take your young one," cried the blunt soldier, "he is too young for a recruit. His majesty, God bless him, has plenty of such subjects."

"Oh, heaven bless you!" said my mistress, seizing his rough, bloody hand, and pressing it to her lips; "God grant you may escape the perils of this horrible day, and return safely to your own babes if you have them."

"Ay, ay, that I have," said the soldier—"O you little rebel," he continued, kissing the child—"and now if you please, one from you too, my handsome lady, ere I go back to the battle-field."

"*Faugh!* You do n't mean to say the creature really kissed her?" sharply exclaimed an angle of striped yellow and brown.

"Yes, indeed he did; and a warmer, more

grateful kiss than that which my pretty mistress placed upon his sun-burnt cheek, never stirred the summer air!" Saying which, with something of a bluster, the eloquent crimson square faded into silence.

"I can also relate an adventure which happened not long after the event of which my venerable cotemporary has spoken," said a diamond of yellow, flowered with blue-bells, in a low solemn tone. "You all know, probably, that this borough has twice been the sport of war." (A universal and prolonged '*Ay*' stole over the surface of the quilt, and echoed from every corner.) "It was, I think, in the year '78, that a British sloop of war, in command of a captain Wallace, bombarded the town for three days; keeping up an almost constant fire upon the devoted inhabitants, who, after sending away the women and children, returned it right bravely, and being rather short of ammunition, kindly threw back the balls and missiles received from the enemy. Only a few years since, the house wherein I flatter myself I figured to much advantage, was standing, and well pierced with bullets too. I formed a part of the dressing-gown of as noble and good a man as ever breathed, and to whom this dwelling belonged. From its commanding aspect, this house seemed particularly the mark for the enemy's balls; even the bedstead upon which two of the fair daughters of my master were sleeping at the time, had both front-posts carried away by a cannon ball! And I assure you, I think I have some right to speak feelingly upon this subject; for as my honoured master stood in the hall, looking out upon the sloop, looming through the smoke of her own cannonading, a bullet came skipping over the waves, and as I fluttered in some agitation around him, pierced me directly through! I was so happy, however, in thinking that perhaps I had been instrumental in saving the life of so good a man, that I felt not the wound. The sloop finally bore away without causing the loss of a single life to our brave borough-men. This exploit of the British gave rise to a rebel song of which, however, I can only remember two lines—viz:

"Wallace he fired all day I do vow,
And never killed *nothing* but one old sow!"

(There was a simultaneous quiver of every patch as if moved to smiles if not laughter.)

"The British had no better luck either on the 10th of August, 1814," cried a more modern style of chintz, with pink rose-buds scattered over a white ground. "Let me see, how ran the song then:

"In August was seen,
Which took place between
The British and Yankees, a tour;
They sent in a flag
Resembling a ring,
To clear off the Point in one hour!"

"I am so forgetful, though I have heard it sung many a time; there must have been a great commotion, however; for another verse says:

"Some moved their goods
Back into the woods,
Some hid them in gardens of *sarce*;
Some got behind walls
To 'fend off the balls,
Whilst others were found in the grass!"

"One thing is certain, no lives were lost; for if I recollect rightly, the last verse concludes with:

"A ship and two brigs
Killed a hog and two pigs,
And wounded an old goose in the thigh;
Two horses were found
Lying dead on the ground,
Which caused an old cat for to die!"

Here, one somewhat dingy block of brown and black appeared much convulsed, and after a sob or two began:

"Excuse me, my dear friends and neighbors, but the reminiscences of that day are very painful to me. I belonged to a spread which on the memorable 10th of August, encircled the body of an aged female, as she was placed in the earth without shroud or coffin, and faded as I am, never can I regret the cause wherein I lost my original freshness, and perhaps, *beauty*! Poor Huldah Hall! Not a woman or a child was remaining in the town—far off in places of safety did they tremblingly await tidings of their husbands, fathers, brothers. All had gone save poor Huldah, who, by the dying bed of her aged parent, faithfully remained watching over her last hours. Deaf to all entreaties—heeding no warning—fearing no danger!

"Fly—fly!" said they, "every moment may be your last; your mother is happily unconscious—you cannot help her—why then run the peril of your life by staying here? fly, fly, we beseech you!"

"Leave my mother! no, never!" exclaimed the noble girl, "I should surely deserve death if I did!"

Bullet after bullet whistled through the roof, the windows were shattered, and death seemed riding on every breath of air that fanned her pale brow, yet steadfast to her duty, Huldah remained a faithful watcher by the bed of the dying! At length, the soul so long fluttering on the confines of eternity was gently loosed, and the widow slept in death! With the assistance of sympathizing neighbors the body was then wrapped in the bed-clothes, of which I formed a portion of the outer covering, and removed for temporary burial. A bomb-shell thrown from the enemy's battery had torn up the earth in the garden, and to this grave already dug by 'grim-visaged war,' were the remains consigned! Then, and not till then, did the heroic Huldah seek a place of safety! What a noble example of filial love and reverence!"

"There was a melancholy incident which took

place near that time," said a soft voice issuing from a delicate pink and white triangle; "which, if you wish, I will relate!"

"Do you mean the unfortunate young midshipman?" enquired a tiny blue star.

"Yes; shall I go on? though perhaps you are all familiar with that event?"

"Oh, go on, go on, certainly!" cried several small voices; and after some ruffling and crimping, the modest triangle commenced:

"It was on the morning of the 31st of July, '14, that his majesty's ship *Superb*, Captain Paget, appeared off our harbor. Not many hours after, a Baltimore privateer, the *Xebec Ultor*, which had that morning come out of Newport apparently for a cruise up the Sound, also hove in sight. No sooner was she discovered by the *Superb*, than two well-manned barges were immediately sent to intercept her. The captain of the privateer, in the meanwhile, seeing the enemy's plan, ordered his men below, and carefully removing every indication of her being an armed vessel, with the ordinary number of seamen on deck, hove to, to await their approach. With a gentle breeze on swept the barges; their slender oars cleaving the bright waters, and sparkling in the sunbeams. The privateer, exulting in their approach, was prepared to receive them in a manner they little expected, for it was evident now that they considered her merely a common coaster. The first barge, which had shot ahead some yards in advance of her companion, was commanded by a young midshipman, the other by a lieutenant. As the former neared the privateer, the lieutenant ordered her to board, himself, for some wary reason, laying rather longer on his oars than befitted his rank on the roll of his majesty's most faithful servitors. As the gallant young midshipman sprang on the deck of the privateer, *he was shot dead*! Obeying the orders of their commander, the privateer's men now rushed on deck; the men in the barge were ordered on board and secured. Her consort, in the meanwhile, seeing the reception which the other had met, rounded to and stood for the ship. Soon after, a small fishing-boat was hailed by the privateer, and the remains of the unfortunate young Englishman sent on shore for burial.

It was a solemn scene, I assure you, when the body of the poor youth was borne from the boat to the guard-house, until a coffin could be procured, and suitable arrangements made for the interment. Not more than eighteen years of age, apparently; tall, finely formed, a complexion almost as fair as a child's, with light brown waving hair—such was the brave youth thus suddenly cut off in the spring time of life! Alas for the poor mother when these heavy tidings should reach her! The body was afterwards removed to the hotel, where the funeral services were held, attended by all our

citizens, while a body of soldiers was drawn up in front of the dwelling in readiness to bear the remains of the gallant midshipman to their last resting-place with due honor and respect. No one listened unmoved to the very appropriate and solemn discourse of the venerable clergyman, who prayed long and fervently for those bereaved ones in a far foreign land, whose hearts this blow would crush with sorrow. With muffled drum and solemn tread, the procession then moved to the burying-ground, and the body was lowered into the grave with all the honors of war. A neat monument was afterwards erected on the spot by his commander and brother officers."

"But is that all?" enquired several stripes and stars.

"Oh, no!" answered the pink triangle. "It was the summer following the proclamation of peace, that a noble-looking stranger, clothed in deep mourning, arrived at the hotel. His fine countenance was shadowed with grief, and silvered already, more apparently through sorrow than years, were the dark locks which clustered around his temples. Requesting the presence of the landlord in a private room, the stranger made the most minute enquiries relative to the death and burial of the young midshipman. Tears, which he could not restrain, trickled down his cheeks as he listened to the recital, and when finished, he warmly grasped the hand of his host, and expressed the deep gratitude he felt for the attentions which had been shown the remains of his son! He then wished to be directed to the spot where these precious remains reposed, for it was the sorrow-stricken father, who had thus crossed the ocean to visit the grave of an only and idolized child!"

"Long after the shades of evening had gathered around that lonely spot, did he remain bending over the tomb of his lost hopes and affections—but his grief is too sacred a theme to dwell upon. The following morning, after again visiting the hallowed spot, the stranger left the village to return to his native shores, bearing, no doubt, consolation to the mourning mother, in that the remains of her son, though sleeping in a foreign land, were regarded with reverence and pity, and that over his grave the village girls oft scattered their simple tribute of flowers, and that the widow and the childless breathed there a prayer for her!"

There was now a silence of some moments, unbroken save by sighs, which like the most gentle of zephyrs stealing over a bed of flowers, agitated the varied surface—when a dainty bit of white, spotted with the smallest possible blue dots, suddenly starting up, said:

"Really, you have made us all very sad; now let me tell you something, which I promise you beforehand, shall remove the gloom now spread over us!"

"I was of the favorite dress of my dear little mistress, and knew all her secrets as well as I did my own; but—perhaps I ought not to tell?"

"Oh, yes! do, do! *we* won't tell!" cried two or three circles of fresh, bright colors.

"Well, then," continued little dotty. "One day, my fair young mistress was invited to join a sailing-party. It was the first to which she had ever been asked; for, scarcely four years in her teens, her mamma thought her too young for such gay expeditions. She now had her consent to go, and you may be sure she was in a flutter of delight and anticipation. As many stylish ladies and gentlemen from the city were also to be of the party, she perhaps felt a little more particular than usual about her dress; so with cheeks in a glow, and sparkling eyes, she came into her chamber, and after surveying all the dresses which hung in her wardrobe, she placed her hand on *me*. I must confess I felt a little flattered by her choice; for so pure and white were her beautiful throat and her delicate little wrists, that I knew I should appear to the best advantage; besides I was conscious I should enhance the loveliness of my mistress. Well, at length, the party set off, and I recollect, as if but yesterday, how pretty she looked. A little straw bonnet trimmed with blue ribbons,—not bluer though than her eyes—and her bright face nestling therein, wreathed with her beautiful golden ringlets. The day was lovely. The curling billows, as if sharing in the enjoyment of the gay party in the pleasure-boat, chased each other in frolic play over the deep, or leaping up to the bows, would scatter the glittering spray in our faces, and then with a murmur of glee again glide onward. The oars were bent to the merry song of youth and maiden; the sails wooed the breeze, and after two delightful hours, the boat touched the shore at Watch-Hill Light, where the party were to pass the day in such amusements as chance might furnish them.

Of the number, was a wealthy Southerner, said to be highly aristocratic, and very intellectual—at least so all the young ladies thought. He was a tall, dark man, with large black eyes tempered with sweetness, and wore his hair in a graceful curve from his lofty forehead. Now all the city belles, and some of the village lasses too, were all bent, bless them, upon captivating this elegant youth. As for little Bel, she never thought of such a thing; enough had she to do to admire, the beautiful bright sea, and the glorious blue sky, and to look at the handsome ladies, and listen to the gay badinage passing around her.

"A merry child was Bel, and though so diffident that during the whole sail she scarcely spoke a word, I knew very well by the funny way with which she would now and then brush her little hand over her arch curling lip, as if to conceal a

smile, that she was full of mirth and mischief. I noticed, but maybe she did not, I do n't think she did, that the fine eyes of the Southerner were more than once bent upon her with an expression of admiration not to be mistaken. He asked for an introduction too, and seated himself beside her; but scarcely a syllable would the silly child say. I thought I never knew her so stupid before, and I felt so angry with her that I at once began pinching her wrist and her arms, for I knew very well indeed that she could repeat beautiful verses and passages from Shakspeare, and had ever so many novels almost by heart, and could sing through the whole collection of the 'Village Minstrel' from one end to the other, and now to have her sitting there so stupid was too bad! Some gay lady at length called him away, and I was sure he felt glad to be relieved from such a senseless little thing as Bel! After he had left her side, I felt her heart go *pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat*, as if it would burst its pretty prison, and such a beautiful glow on her cheek I never saw before—she smiled too, and sighed, and at the same time, her beautiful eyes were filled with tears! It was very strange!

"My little mistress now strolled off by herself to a retired quarter of the beach; what she was thinking of I did not know, but—I *could guess*! Here she seated herself upon a low rock situated at the extreme point of a narrow sand-bar, and apparently forgetful of all else, looked upon the grand scene before her. She was very apt to wander away into dream-land, and many a time, when her mother has supposed her safe in bed, I have known her to be sitting for hours at her window looking out upon the dark waters of the bay, or up at the star-lit heavens. Here then she sat, her little chin resting in her rosy palm, totally unconscious that now, as the tide was making fast, the spot she had chosen for her meditations was becoming a perilous one. Stealthily the waters moved on, charming her ear with their deceitful music—on they softly rippled, with each succeeding surge drawing nearer and nearer to my dear mistress! In vain I strove to warn her. I was almost ready to rend myself with terror for her

sake, and already the waters swept over me as I strove to protect her tiny feet from their rude embrace, when suddenly several voices were heard calling her name. Then did little Bel hastily spring up, but in her fright and agitation she lost her footing and fell forward into the greedy waves! It was but a second of time, and the young Southerner had plunged in to *our* rescue, and brought my poor, dear, unlucky, little mistress to the shore in his arms! She had fainted too—her head resting on his bosom, and her long silken tresses now wet and disordered clinging lovingly around him!

If you will believe me, this accident was only a forerunner of others of a like nature; for that very afternoon, no less than two other fair ladies were so unfortunate as to fall into the waves! But what I thought even *more* singular was, that the handsome young Southerner did not seem to agitate himself at all upon these interesting occasions. It certainly *was* strange, considering he had manifested so much eagerness in the case of my own 'pretty blue Bel.'

Just three months after this, I was handed over to a younger sister, and my darling mistress borne off to the sunny South, by her proud and happy preserver."

"I am glad you have finished, for I have been dying to tell you about Fanny Fay," cried a little figure in plaid—"do you want to hear it?"

"O yes, yes!" cried several tiny voices.

But here, alas, my own imprudence lost me the story; for in my eagerness to attest my own wishes, and entirely forgetting the delicacy of my situation in thus playing the part of eaves-dropper as it were, I also sang out, "O yes, do tell about Fanny Fay!"

There was a scream so fine, "there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence"—each little square diamond, triangle, circle and star, fluttered for an instant like imprisoned butterflies, and then all remained perfectly still.

In vain I watched—in vain I listened. There were no more Patch Narrations!

A HINT — TO — .

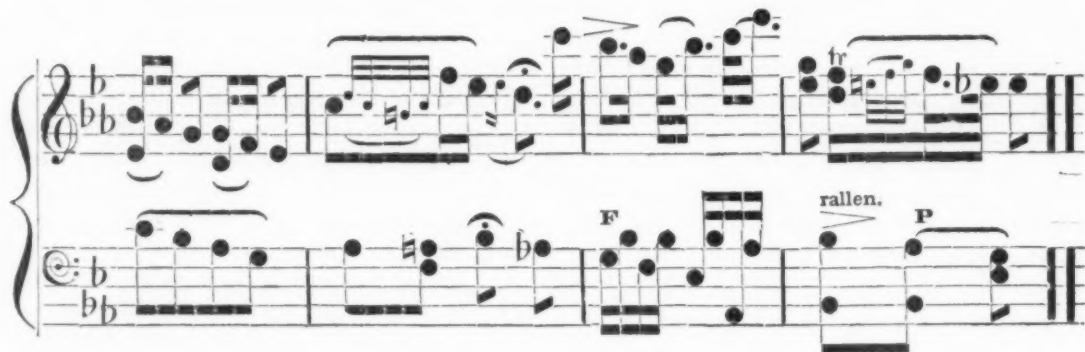
A word in your ear, sir! a word in your ear,—
Take it not amiss, though it seem severe;
Pray take to thinking—improve your mind;
Read books—commune with the wise, the refined;
Converse with the ladies—but be not blind,
Nor fancy them partial when they're but kind.

FRANK.

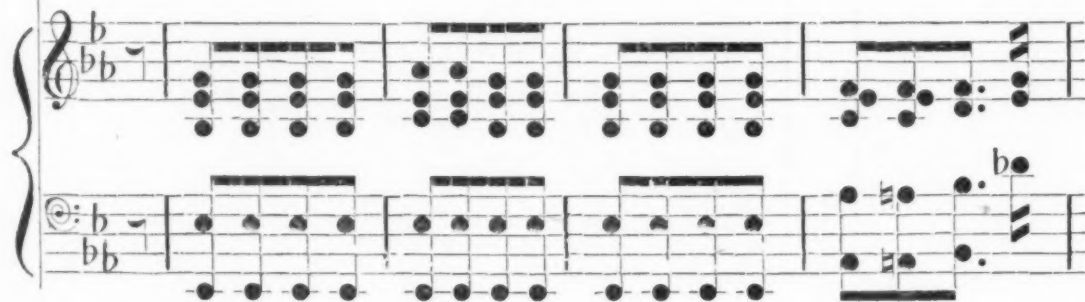
THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

POETRY BY PROTEUS. — MUSIC BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Con molto Affeto.



Oh, las - sie dear ! I maun awa', The bu - gles to the bat - tle ca' ; And



The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The voice part begins with the lyrics "I must min - gle wi' the fray, Al - though it is our" and continues with "bri - dal day." The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *rall.* (rallentando), as well as phrasing slurs and accents.

II.

But, fear not, lassie ! dinna fear,
 Wrang not our bridal wi' a tear,
 Nor damp my spirits wi' despair,
 We soon shall meet, to part nae mair.

III.

For, if we win the victory,
 I'll share my laurels here wi' thee,
 An' if thy Donald should be slain,
 He'll meet thee, love, in heaven again !

IV.

Then, fear not, lassie ! dinna fear,
 Wrang not our bridal wi' a tear,
 Nor damp my spirits wi' despair,
 We soon shall meet, to part nae mair.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE CONQUEST OF PERU. By William H. Prescott. *New-York* : Harper & Brothers.

This third great historical work of Mr. Prescott completes the triangular base of a pyramid, which we hope he may live to finish by a succession of works illustrative of the early condition of our Western continent, and of the manners and customs of those great nations who were driven out to make room for the introduction of new races. What a stupendous study is this! What a field is opened—not for conjecture, not for speculation; but for the deepest and most interesting meditation upon the ways of God with the works of His hand! That He "maketh the wrath of man to praise Him;" that he turns the avarice and unholy ambition of men to ends ultimately beneficial, all history may show us, and none more strikingly than that which exhibits the introduction of Christianity as the result of aggressive and merciless war. But in the incursions of the Spaniards upon the nations of the Southern continent, the success of plans that look almost insane in their temerity, seems like direct interposition of supernatural power. The falling down of the walls of Jericho at the noise of horns, was hardly more miraculous than the utter and abject submission of people after people, whose hands were strengthened by immense wealth, and whose hearts we may naturally suppose to have been emboldened by an undisturbed sense of power and greatness. The account of the cruelties practised upon the unhappy Peruvians, of the treachery which was used in overcoming them, and the barbarous treatment of their sovereign; the minute and gorgeous description of their state ceremonies and pageants, and of their general way of life, give the keenest living interest to this history; so that while the student will prize it for its deeper meanings, the mere lover of amusement and 'excitement' will find in it abundant compensation for all that could be drained from a score of novels.

WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER.—*New-York* : Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

Some writers have an established reputation in the public mind without being generally read. We are inclined to think this is the case with regard to Izaak Walton, for we find on enquiry that very many persons are delighted to have this famous fishing book brought within their reach. They had heard of it, recognized its title as that of an English classic, joined in calling its author "Honest Izak," and all without having even seen the book, except, perchance, a stray English copy. To place the work then within the power of everybody who can buy fishing-tackle, was a good office; and we have a new occasion to thank the publishers, for bringing pleasure within our reach.

Books like this can be produced only by minds of peculiar tone, and, we may even say, only by men of genius. Their charm lies in the writer's character rather than in his subject or his intellectual power. He writes himself down, yet with-

out egotism; he speaks of common things with a personal interest in which we sympathize. We are puzzled to decide whether he is 'subjective' or 'objective;' but we are sure he is charming. Izaak Walton tells coolly of putting a worm on your hook "as if you loved him," yet you rise from his book with a conviction that he was a man of the tenderest and most comprehensive humanity. To the lover of the quiet art which he pursued so refinedly, the suggestions of this book are invaluable, and to those who can appreciate the style, the literary merit is not less striking. The American editor has added much valuable matter, and in the very tone and spirit of the original book.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, with copious notes and illustrations. *New-York* : C. S. Francis & Co.—*Boston* : J. H. Francis.

Two elegant volumes of this work are now completed, bound appropriately in the rich colors and golden arabesques which flutter through the reader's fancy as he gives himself up to the splendid illusions of Eastern story. How these things—illusions and all—can be afforded at such rates, remains still a mystery, even in these days of boundless publishing facilities. Twenty years ago, a little girl would as soon have thought of asking for a piece of the moon, as for the Arabian Nights, unabridged, elegantly bound, and with plenty of pictures; but now it would be but a modest request!

The Messrs. Francis publish a vast variety of books for the rising generation, and their good taste and strict moral judgment is evident in all.

DRAPER'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. With nearly 400 illustrations. *New-York* : Harper & Brothers.

If people who spend their time and eye-sight in reading stupid novels, knew but half the entertainment, (we speak advisedly,) to be found in the studies to which this book affords an easy and admirable introduction, they would at least vary their pursuits by an occasional hour with Dr. Draper. And one reason, undoubtedly, why there are so many dull people in the world, is that so large a portion of the reading public neglect to store up in their minds materials which can be drawn only from the fountain of Nature, while they waste their hours over thrice-sodden creations (!) of brains as unfurnished as their own! Would that any feeble words of ours could induce some of our readers just to try the study of Natural Philosophy!

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT. By Miss Pardoe.—Parts IV., V. and VI. *New-York* : Harper & Brothers.

A most readable account of the domestic and state life of the Grand Monarque, who was in no little danger of forgetting that he was mortal like common people, and who was so amusingly brought into subjection by the stronger character of Madame de Maintenon. These numbers complete the work.

THE SHAKSPEARE NOVELS. *New-York: Burgess & Stringer.*

These three works—*The Youth of Shakspeare*, *Shakspeare and his Friends*, and *the Secret Passion*—are generally extolled as illustrating correctly the sentiments and manners of the times. The author seems to have caught the spirit of Shakspeare's character; and depicts him as at once gentle and high-spirited;—full of the irrepressible power of genius, yet interested in the commonest things;—enslaved in early youth by mere soulless beauty, but suffering bitterly in after life from this unhappy error. The works are, we should think, unexceptionable as to morals, and replete with entertainment.

A SIMPLE STORY. By Mrs. Inchbald. *New-York: Harper & Brothers.*

Mrs. Inchbald suffered many misfortunes, yet she must be accounted a happy woman; for she loved everybody that was lovable, and everybody that knew her loved her. Sir Walter Scott, too, wrote her life, and did her justice; which we must consider as not the smallest in her list of blessings. This novel, opportunely re-printed by Messrs. Harper, has caused more heartfelt tears than any twenty that have been written within the last five years—at a rough guess. It is a tale of human life, love, disappointment, strength and weakness; told by one whose heart was a well-spring of the truest sensibility.

THE WORKS OF FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS. Translated by the Rev. Robert Traill. No. 3.

One fourth of this elegant work is now before the public, and its claims to attention are at least equal to that of any other of the day. The present number contains eight fine steel engravings, and the paper and printing are of the most luxurious description.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW, for September. G. H. Colton, 118 Nassau Street.

Some faces look horrible in daguerreotype, but that of the Hon. Thos. Corwin, U. S. Senator from Ohio, looms out broad and honest from the page of this month's *American*, with so truly Western an air, that our heart warms to him, though we have little sympathy with politicians of any party. The literary matter of the *Review* is very good. Those who are always railing at the lightness of our periodicals should patronize this, which never fails to offer some solid information.

WOMAN, HER CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE. By Mrs. Hugo Reid, with an Introduction by Mrs. Kirkland. Fowler & Wells, Clinton Hall.

Messrs. Fowler & Wells have stereotyped this work and offer it in very handsome form—together with a very entertaining book, called *'Fascination, or, the Philosophy of Charming,'* by Mr. Newman.

MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS. By Leigh Hunt. *New-York: Harper & Brothers.*

Leigh Hunt—ever charming, ever young—for, as is beginning to be acknowledged, age does not depend on years—here bestows another charm to wile away all gloomy and discouraging thoughts of life, human nature and Providence. Men who write such books—books suggestive of bright and happy constructions of all that is passing before our eyes, throwing a poetic beauty over the mere mundane things that we eat, drink, wear and use—should be enrolled among the benefactors of the race. Strong reasons there are why we should be ever content, always in good humor; but strong reasons are not always at hand when they are wanted. Philosophy is sufficient (if we have it,) but then it is a cumbersome thing to carry about with us. Lively, natural, humane and witty books are more effective as well as genial aids, and Mr. Hunt's books are among the best of the kind. Let all who love reading buy them.

JULIAN, OR SCENES IN JUDEA. By the Author of *Zenobia*. *New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.*

Zenobia won a reputation for this author wherever the English language is spoken, and *Probus* was considered a worthy finish to that excellent work. *Julian* depicts Jerusalem in the time of our Saviour, and does it in the same life-like, engaging and strictly historic style, with a spirit of tender piety which consecrates the beauty of the language. One is often puzzled to find a volume exactly suitable to present to a young lady friend. We know of none which may be recommended with more confidence than this.

GRAHAM'S ENGLISH SYNONYMES. *New-York: D. Appleton & Co.*

Not only every magazine-contributor, but every one whose duty or pleasure it may be to talk or write for the edification of other people, ought to own this book, (not borrow it). It carries between its two covers more information essential to a forcible and elegant style, than any other we can now think of. It is got up in Messrs. Appletons' usual substantial and handsome manner, and at a very moderate price.

LA MARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS. *New-York: Harper & Brothers.*

History written by a poet is always more charming than mere prosaic annals can be; and this first volume of the history of one of the great factions that divided revolutionary France is not only charming but true. As to his facts, M. de la Martine is believed worthy of all credit; while few men could present those facts with equal vigor and felicity.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. No. 29.

Eleven more numbers will complete this elegant work, which paper, type, illustrations and material combine to render one of the most desirable of its class. We shall rank it among our treasures when we get it handsomely bound.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

OCTOBER.—In spite of the gorgeous livery assumed by Nature during the month about which we write prospectively, there is always a sad tone in the music of its breezes. Its melodies are in a minor key. Winter already casts his shadow before, and Summer flees his approach. Love our firesides as we may, we cling instinctively to the careless season when warmth was not to seek. In an ideal life, Summer would reign perpetually. When we muse of brighter worlds; when we try to imagine what will be the condition of the blest, who ever thinks of fire? No poet of the ideal ever draws a cheering or exalting image from winter. "Thick-ribbed ice" and regions where "the air burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire" have been called in to heighten our notion of a place of torment. So we never long for the "frosty Caucasus," even when we are melting under Cancer.

Yet the pleasures of this season are neither few nor slight. 'Home-bred happiness' begins with cool weather. The friends whom pursuit of health and fresh air has separated for two or three months, will now meet, and exchange greetings with new zest. All is animation and excitement, between the history of summer wanderings and the preparation for winter. It seems like a new lease of life to the happy, refreshed and inspirited by the heart-cheering breezes of our lakes and mountains. May they include the poor and needy in their plans for the approaching severe season.

One of the saddening influences of the autumnal change is the prevalence of stormy winds, which remind us of disasters at sea. How many hearts will tremble as the loud blasts of this month bring back the sufferings of last fall, on our wreck-strewn coast! God help the poor mariner, and spare the hearts that watch for his return!

THE GREEK SLAVE.—We are delighted to be able to offer our readers something from a competent pen upon this "world's wonder." Americans who have never been abroad, have necessarily seen so little sculpture, that there is a suitable diffidence about speaking critically of a work of high art like this. The passionate admiration which it excites is so new among us, that we wait for the better-informed to account to us for our own feelings, and to sanction our emotions by the assurance that what we admire in our newness is no less approved by those who have, at great cost of time and study, learned to judge. But perhaps no work of art ever less required vouchers. All the treatises in the world could never wipe away, or even heighten, the impression made upon the beholder by one hour's contemplation of the statue. It is most curious to observe the effect produced upon visitors. They enter gaily or with an air of curiosity; they look at the beauteous figure, and the whole manner undergoes a change. Men take off their hats; ladies seat themselves silently, and almost unconsciously; and usually it is minutes before a word is uttered. All conversation is carried on in a hushed tone, and everybody looks serious on departing.

It is only after we have feasted full of the heavenly beauty of the statue, and gazed and reflected ourselves into some

sort of familiarity with its awfulness, that we have leisure to be amused with the criticisms of a certain class of persons. One *savant* with an English accent asked his friend to admire the *fore-shortening* of the arm. We have little doubt this is the same person who pronounced Niagara a "decided failure."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—Among the symptoms which encourage us to believe that a necessity for the beautiful is beginning to be acknowledged as one branch of our utilitarianism, we notice the introduction of *rich stained glass* in the windows and skylights of the newly-fitted Brooklyn ferry-boats. 'The oldest inhabitant' can remember when little dirty barges, provided with an ample reservoir of water to dabble the skirts of the ladies, and so managed as to ship a small sea occasionally for the benefit of their shawls, were the only means of transit provided for the 'gentle public' between New-York and Brooklyn. Then came horse-boats, coarse, clumsy, mean, and lacking the little excitement belonging to the cockle-shells above mentioned. When steamboats made their appearance, they were hailed as a blessing indeed, but no one yet thought of asking for any beauty about them, except the beauty of fitness, and this on the most rigid construction of the term. Year by year some trifling step has been made towards refinement. The unsightly tin lantern was exchanged for clear, bright lamps; the seats were cushioned; smoking prohibited; the floors *sometimes* attended to. Lately, wider and better seats, with convenient dividing arms; handsome cushions, cleaner floors. And now, within a short time, keeping honorable pace with the awakening love of the beautiful made evident by an increased interest in the fine arts, we have to notice the improvement which called forth our paragraph—and we do it with grateful pleasure. It is a step towards the education of the people.

HORTICULTURE.—We cannot but consider the attention recently awakened to this branch of the fine arts, as also marking an era in the civilization of our city. We have been behind half the Union in this respect until now; and there seemed but little hope that, in the rage for business, and the wild race after gay and expensive pleasure, a taste so natural, simple and true, should have its gentle claim acknowledged. The results of the recent proceedings of the Horticultural Society, show that there are at least a few cultivated people among us, to whom Nature's lead seems worth following. Under such auspices, we may expect soon to see an elegant emulation in floriculture, taking the place of less refined and refining pursuits. Especially is it pleasant to observe that the gentlemen to whose taste and enterprise we owe the new movement, have invited ladies to share with them the pleasant duty of awarding certain of the premiums. This is drawing the right sort of influence about the undertaking. The title of 'Japonica-dom,' will be peculiarly appropriate when every lady raises her own Japonicas, and when the emulation is, who shall produce the most exquisite varieties.

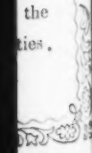
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THE UNION MAGAZINE, is the title of a new literary magazine of 48 pages, price \$3, published by Israel Post, and edited by Mrs. Kirkland, better known as Mary Clavers. The first number is a beautiful specimen of typography, and what is better, filled with articles of literary merit and good moral character, from several of the best writers—chiefly female—in the country. Mrs. Kirkland has a most graceful pen, and her productions evince an order of merit which cannot fail to render her connection with the magazine invaluable. We shall expect a work of higher literary merit, and more unexceptionable moral tone, from the editorship of so accomplished a writer, and so estimable a character, than has yet appeared in our magazine annals.—*New York Evangelist*.

UNION MAGAZINE.—This young competitor with veterans on the field of Fame, bounds like a giant along the course, and bids fair to equal if not to surpass its numerous rivals. In "The Doctor," and "The Justice's Court," it has the best engravings we have met with for a September monthly.


Its articles are varied and elegantly written by some of the most popular and profit-giving writers of the age. Thus far this magazine has contained much that is substantial as well as showy, and we trust that it will continue as it has begun. The press-work and paper too are admirable, and the embellishments in exquisite taste. That magazine will succeed.—*New London Democrat, New London, Conn.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The September number of this splendid publication is already out. The two engravings, "The Doctor" and "The Justice's Court," are two gems, and the Fashion plate is good. The original contributions are of the first order, and the whole work well worthy the patronage of the public.—*Reading Gazette, Reading, Pa.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—This periodical for September, comes to us embellished with several unusually fine engravings, and containing a large variety of interesting reading matter. Each succeeding number of this magazine, seems to indicate that the expectations formed at the commencement of its publication, will be fulfilled.—*The New Planet, Belfast, Me.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART—edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—The September number of this new monthly is like its predecessors, very beautiful. It is embellished with many admirable engravings and illustrated with a number of fine wood-cuts. The paper is of the finest quality, and the typography and the general neatness of the work is unsurpassed by any other Monthly. Then there are two pages of sweet music, and a host of excellent articles in prose and poetry, by the best writers in the country. Terms \$3 per annum.—*Highland Courier, Newburgh, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART

 Owing to the protracted absence of our Artist, we are compelled to give in the present Number one steel engraving which is not original. We regret this circumstance as much as our patrons can, and promise that a like omission shall not again occur. In some future Number we purpose giving three original designs.

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—edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—The September number, just issued, is a decided step in advance of its predecessors. No work of its class in America has been so well received at the outset as "The Union." The first (or July) number was exhausted almost immediately. A second edition also soon gave out. A third is now in preparation, as well as a second edition of the second number. Mrs. Kirkland is very popular, both personally and as an authoress—and this in some measure accounts for the success of the magazine she edits—but the principal reason lies in the intrinsic merit of the work. The paper on which it is printed is *very* superior—and this is a most important point; another is the illustration of the text by numerous well executed wood-cuts neatly and distinctly printed. The contributions are by our most noted authors. In the present number we observe the names of the editress, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, Grace Greenwood, Miss Sloman, Herbert, J. H. Bryant, and others of nearly equal celebrity. The editorial criticisms and comments on general topics are marked by taste, tact and sound judgment.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We have now lying before us the third, that is to say, the September number of "The Union" Magazine. In the period of its existence it has taken a very prominent position among its competitors. The fact is, no better work of the kind is to be found, if indeed any similar work in America may be said to equal it. It is edited by a lady of undisputed talent and judgment, and she has exercised both very effectually in this instance. Her popularity as an authoress has also been reflected to the work which she edits.

Of the present number we have left ourselves space only to say, in general, that it is excellent, particularly so—having contributions from a great number of our most distinguished authors, and *seven* admirable embellishments, engraved by Doney, Osborne, etc. etc. from original designs by Matteson, who is engaged to superintend generally the pictorial department of the Magazine.—*N. Y. Express*.

THE UNION MAGAZINE for September, is just published. It is the best of the three numbers already issued. Miss Whitman's poem of the "Golden Ball," has much beauty, and the poetry generally is above the average of magazine verses. A sample of it will be found on our first page. Miss Sedgwick is one of the contributors, as well as Miss Gould, H. W. Herbert, etc., and Mrs. Kirkland has written a clever paper on Goethe. The embellishments are well done; the Justice's Court, engraved by Osborne from a design by Matteson, who has the charge of the pictorial department of the Magazine, is full of character and humor. In regard to the type and paper, this magazine is superior to any other in the country. We are glad to learn that its success thus far has been of the most encouraging nature.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE UNION MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1847.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved expressly for the Union Magazine, by H. S. Sadd.

INNOCENCE AND FIDELITY. Engraved expressly for this Magazine, by T. Doney.

FASHIONS. Two figures. Engraved by W. S. Barnard. Colored by T. P. Spearing.

THE TROUBADOURS. Engraved by P. Loomis.

MARIE BERCHTHOLD. Engraved by P. Loomis.

THE SWAMP GHOST. Engraved by B. F. Child.

VIGNETTES. Engraved by P. Loomis.

MUSIC. The Soldier's Departure. Composed by Miss Augusta Browne.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

Dress in raw silk, plain skirt, flat corsage, high, close sleeves, visite in blue taffety, closing exactly in front, with a pelerine descending rather lower than the waist, and no farther on each side than the opening of the arms; adorned with a black lace covering the lower part of the visite, and another lace much smaller laid around the pelerine, on the front and around the neck. Hood in pink crape round towards the cheeks, covered entirely by rows of silk lace and adorned with a bouquet of roses. Dress in glazed silk trimmed in form of an apron, with a black lace and ribbons of taffety to suit the stuff turned above the lace and ending with a knot, flat corsage ascending, with round points, with a lace forming a band taken up in front by a knot; hood in blue crape, adorned with passementerie, and a bunch of pink flowers.

CONTRIBUTORS.

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